

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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General.

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## Death, the Deceiver.

**N**OBODY doubts it, no sane person will deny it, we all agree that Death is certain. Yet shoulder to shoulder with the truth of Death's certainty, stands the fact that Death is a deceiver.

The consumptive died when everybody thought he was recuperating; children are snatched from the home when least expected; the old do not expect Death,

Illustration. His skeleton form is covered by a traveller's robe; his bony feet are encased in riding boots; his skull shaded by a slouch hat. He prevents people by looking at his eyeless sockets by drawing attention to other things. He says: "I am the great leveller: rich and poor are the same to me; all have to leave this world by my gate; I strip everybody of his possessions; the king of his crown, and the beggar of his staff; the rich of their gold, and the poor of their rags; the proud of their silks and satins; the learned of their books; the

He does not "even things up," but the real sorting out, the real distinction will be after death.

"I will give you rest." Death says to the sin-sick soul. The man puts the bullet through his brain, to be ushered into eternal unrest.

"I will cover your shame." Death says, and the girl leaps into the waters below to end her misery, only to find herself in perpetual despair.

"I will crown you with laurels and make your name a shining beacon," says Death, and the blood-thirsty warrior

a crushed mass of flesh and blood and bones, hundreds of feet below. And his soul—?

"Not to-day," he whispered, although shaking with convulsion, and the next morning the fog prevented him seeing the approaching express train—he was killed while crossing the track. And his soul—?

"Not this week, but next week," the young girl said with a final effort. She wanted to "take in" just one more party, so long prepared for. Overheated through dancing, she caught the fatal disease, and died unsaved. AND HER SOUL? ?



## DEATH THE DECEIVER.

even when one foot is already in the grave; the young think him a long way off, and are taken most frequently.

Everybody knows they must die, few only realize the nearness of Death, few know him when he approaches, and less still are prepared to meet him.

Death prefers the young for his prey; children furnish the largest percentage of his victims. As life advances the death rate becomes scarcer, and comparatively few people see the three score and ten years the Psalmist sings of.

Death is a great deceiver. He comes mostly in disguise. Look at him in our

statesman of his power; the soldier of his sword; the gay of their pleasures; the gambler of his dice."

"Look here," he says, "I show you that a crown does not weigh more than a pipstern with me," and he holds the balance by its tongue instead of the ring—just like the arguments of the "no hell" preachers—and the fooled people clap, and laugh, and cheer. "That's sound sense for us," they cry, for they like to be fooled; for they like to hear things put just as they like them to BE.

But, it is all deception. Death does not make all people alike, he only sifts them.

rushes into battle with Death on his swift horse behind him, moving men down by the thousands and striking down their leader, who finds himself in outer darkness with a thousand ghosts cursing him.

Sinner, Death is a deceiver!

"Not to-night," said the devil to the convicted soul, and Death whispered, "Plenty of time yet." The next morning his mangled body was found underneath the street car. And his soul—?"

"Not this afternoon," he answered the Captain; at night when descending the shaft the chain broke, and he was found

Sinner, seek salvation to-day. Sin is the sting of death; have sin washed away, and no be able to join at Death's approach into the triumphant cry: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" F.

Christian, now I'll turn to thee—How wilt thou do?  
When thou dost the river see—How wilt thou do?

To the Cross I then will cling.  
Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"  
Victory! victory! I will sing—That's how I'll do!

## MODERN BOOK OF PROVERBS.

Collected by Solomon Small.

## V.-SPANISH.

Another's care hangs by a hair.  
He who sings frightens away ill.  
Where there is mauld there is no harm.  
He who sows corn must be barefooted.  
On the fool's beard everyone leans to shave.

If God is against you, the saints are of no use.  
God works the cure, the doctor takes the fee.

The little birds have God for their eater.  
He who goes with wolves learns how to howl.

The fault is as great as he who commits it.  
The wolf loses his teeth, but not his incinations.

When a fool has made up his mind the market is over.  
He is a fool that thinks that another does not think.

If you take a cat to bed do not complain of its claws.

The one-eyed man is a king in the country of the blind.  
He who takes the wrong road must make his journey twice over.

Do not rejoice at my grief, for when mine is old your will be new.  
That which a fool does at the end a wise man does at the beginning.

Bacchus (God of Drink) has drowned more men than Neptune (God of the Sea).

## How to Sell War Cry.

What Two Cadets of the Winnipeg Training Garrison Say About it.

I.

When I first enter a place I walk in and say "Good-morning," and I ask in a kind way if they would buy a War Cry. Perhaps they will answer this way:

"No, I don't think I can afford to take one this time."

I say, "It's a very good War Cry this week, and very nice reading; you'd better buy one this morning."

"Well, I guess I will take one."

I give them the War Cry and they give me the money.

Another one may say:

"I have more papers than I can read. I get the newspaper every day, and that's all the reading I need."

"Now try a Cry for once, and leave out one of the newspapers," I say.

"Well, I'll take one this week."

Sometimes I say, "I hope you will enjoy the reading."

Next week I come to the same place again and ask how he liked the War Cry.

"Oh, I like the reading very much. I'll take one this week."

Now, someone else will say, "Oh, I don't want any Salvation Army paper in my house, not if you gave it to me."

"Well," I say, "the Lord bless you, brother, good-bye," and walk out.

Others buy them without any difficulty. I have found that if I speak kind they don't like to refuse. I always say "Good-morning," and "Good-bye," and "Thank you," to those who buy the Cry.

—Cadet Annie Hansen.

II.

In regard to the very important question of what is the best way to sell War Cry, I would say with my limited experience, that the most important thing to do is to pray a great deal about it before leaving home.

Pray that God will go with us, and that we will not only sell the War Cry because we feel we must, but that our only object is to get rid of them, but because we love to sell the War Cry for the good they have done; and pray that not only the War Cry will be a blessing, but we ourselves may be a blessing to the people we meet. If we go trusting in Jesus and in the spirit of prayer, we shall have success.

We should also know ourselves what the War Cry contains, because people often ask us what the news is. Then again, we must be pleasant and polite, and kind to everyone we meet, no matter what mean or unkind things they may say to us, we should give a kind "God bless you."—Cadet Myrtle Wilcox.

## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY

From Prince Edward Island.

Adj. Crighton and his aide left Charlottetown on Sunday afternoon, 4th Dec., for a Self-Denial tour, beginning with our outpost, Winsloe Road. Seemed as if prospects were rather discouraging—mud, mud, mud, nothing but mud! Splash, dash, carriage rocking at times like a ship, had to hold on or out we might go. However, reached Winsloe all right, and ready for tea at our Brother Nunn's house. Prayed with Mrs. Nunn, who is seriously ill. She has a blessed experience. Man lived for God, and is ready to obey the summons, "Come up higher."

A nice crowd gathered in the barracks. Adj. and Mrs. Chappell, with brass instruments, accompanied the singing. Sister Calder accompanied her singing with autoharp—quite new in the country, and took splendidly. Our comrades were

a friend, who also got saved, had attended our meetings in town, when attending college. Shall we ever in this world know how many are saved by attending our meetings?

Visited one house in which four generations are living together in peace and harmony.

Night, very dark, but off to Pleasant Valley Church, guided by Bro. Murray's lantern, where a good number had gathered, some coming two or three miles to attend the S. A. meeting.

Next afternoon left for Hunter River. Meeting that night in quite a large Methodist Church, which was well filled, and best of all,

Three Young Girls Came Out and gave their hearts to God. One of them said it was the song Sister Calder sang, "It must be settled to-night," which led her to decide.

Next day, very cold, rough roads, but did some visiting and a little collecting. Left in the afternoon for New Glasgow. Arrangements had been made for meet-

Drove about 9 miles, reached home an hour after midnight, praising the Lord, well saved and glad to be used in His service. Surely we could exclaim, goodness and mercy followed us every step of the way, and feeling quite ready for just such another tour.—Mary, F. Ellis.

## Truths Well Clothed.

Every delay gives opportunity for disaster.—Napoleon.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Want and sorrow are the wages that folly earns for itself.—Schubert.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.—Disraeli.

Doat thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man seems all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.—Bulwer.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."—H. W. Longfellow.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, that the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternally.—Max Müller.

## Self-Denial at Montreal I.

The week preceding S.-D. was a very busy one, for the supply of printed matter was several thousand copies short. I, whilst deficiencies had to be made good by collecting material and having it printed here. We had also to carefully subdivide the districts so that each section of the Corps would have an equal prospect of securing their respective targets. Some of the comrades assisted me considerably in this matter, by working night after night, until the whole business was finished.

When Self-Denial Week arrived, every comrade was ready, and apparently full of faith that the target of \$100 would be secured.

They were prepared to do their individual share towards securing it, hence my mind was fully satisfied that VICTORY was sure.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 1st, the returns were brought in by those who could do so, and I was more than grateful to my soldiers for the startling result of their efforts.

Montreal I brass band have a record of their own. They absolutely refuse to have any special attachments to the band for Self-Denial collections, yet I found that the returns for Self-Denial in

1886, was 13 bandmen, \$138.82.

1890, was 12 bandmen, 171.82.

1897, was 11 bandmen, 165.00.

Numbering them up, I found there were twelve who played instruments, and were every day bandmen. I considered their previous work, and decided to mark their target at \$125.

One of them was unable to do anything by reason of an accident, yet they contributed \$20 to the amount of their collections. An average of nearly \$20 each. God bless them!

The Juniors did beautifully, coming to the front with \$140, which was \$15 above their target.

Mother Lewis is a wonder, with her untiring energy she was able to record \$20 to the amount of her collections. There are still others who did well, but far too many for the Cry man to make special mention of. Several friends assisted the rank and file to get their \$20, which made a splendid return.

We officers had a share in the fight, which gave us cause for our great rejoicing in the glorious victory.

The total return went over the target. To God we give the glory.—Geo. Burditt, Staff-Capt.

## He Knows.

If I could only surely know  
That all those things that tire me so  
Are noticed by my Lord,  
The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
The lesser pains of daily life,  
The noise, the weariness, the strife,  
What peace it would afford.

I wonder if he really shares  
In all my little human cares,  
This mighty King of kings!  
If He Who guides through boundless space  
Each blazing planet in its place,  
Can have the condescending grace  
To mind these petty things.

It seems to me if sure of this,  
Blend with each ill would come such bliss  
That I might covet pain;  
And deem whatever brought to me  
The loving sense of Deity  
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,  
Not less but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt  
That thou dost compass me about  
With sympathy divine,  
The love for me once crucified  
Is not the love to leave my side,  
But waiteth ever to divide  
Each smallest care of mine.

J. ALEXANDER.

reality cheered and winners brought to consider their ways. Sad to say, none yielded.

Hoping and praying that frost might dry up the road we looked for answer in the morning, finding they had improved a little had an early start for Hunter River. Part way to our next appointment overtaken by a snow storm. Through the mud and snow reached Bro. Murray's house, where we were received with open arms. It was deemed impossible to go to the hall, a mile away, so had a most enjoyable meeting in Sister Murray's dining room, a neighbor with their family, seven in all, joining us. The Lord cheered us with one soul.

Next day visited several families, all delighted to see officers and soldiers of the S. A. Heard from a mother's lips that

## Three of Her Seven Sons

had been converted in the Army. One, aged 18, died a glorious death. He, with

ing in the Court House, which was nearly filled. In this meeting, as in the others, the claims of the Social Work, as well as the extension of the spiritual work, were brought before the people, the Adjutant giving statistics and incidents of the work in Canada, and the writer telling a little of what she had seen of the work in England, Ireland and Scotland. People seemed interested.

Next morning, bitterly cold, but bright, and after considerable jolting over

## Frozen Mud for Fifteen Miles,

was glad to get out opposite the church and ask for admision at Mrs. McDonagh's, Adjutant and Bro. Chappell on 2 1/2 miles further to the home of one of our soldiers. We visited and prayed with several families in the afternoon, and at night had a beautiful meeting in the church. Splendid crowd, good collection. A great number standing up as testimony that they were on the Lord's side.

## "MARK OUT THE PATH."

Mark out the path our wayward feet  
may tread  
When clouds, and storm, and darkness  
gather over head;  
And through the tangled wilderness  
ablaze every tree,  
Mark out the path, dear Lord, that lead  
to Thee.

"Thy easy in the sunshine to be brave,  
When smiles and favor greet us every-  
where,  
When little boats dance lightly on the  
wave,  
And float their banners on the summer  
air.

But, oh! I dread the breakers to be euen,  
When dismal wrecks and angry billows  
strew  
To sail before the fury of the blast,  
God wants a stronger vessel and a  
nobler crew.

Be with us, Lord, whatever may befall,  
When skies are dark and not a star in  
view,  
When foes assail us and when friends  
deride,  
Be ever near us, Lord, and keep us  
true.

Andrew J. Smart.



Brigadier Howell's Dolings.

## McFee's Marriage and Trail Tips.

The Pacific P. O. is always on the  
wing. Here to-day and there to-mor-  
row. Hardly had "Good-bye" to the  
Territorial Secretary, whom he ac-  
companied through the largest portion  
of the Province, when we find him again  
in Union getting up our prominent  
members of this corps in the bonds of  
holy matrimony.

Sister Little was the bride, and Bro.  
McFee (ex-Captain) the bridegroom.  
This happy event took place on Tues-  
day, Dec. 6th, and the knot was tied  
about 9 p.m.

The wedding was preceded by a ban-  
quet to which over 100 persons sat down.  
The barracks was packed to its ut-  
most capacity, many only securing  
standing room.

Upon the entrance of the bridal party,  
headed by Brigadier Howell and the  
P. O. Adj. Edgcombe, a rousing volley  
was given.

The Brigadier, an old hand at conduct-  
ing ceremonies of the sort, did what  
may be called a "good job," managing  
the different parties well, and the con-  
structing parties responded without hesi-  
tation. The audience was very attentive,  
as well as appreciative.

All the officers of the District were  
present at the "big do," including En-  
signs Lorton, Capt. Quint and Arnold,  
and Lieut. Gain and Brown.

The meeting was closed with the testi-  
mony of Bro. and Sister McFee, and  
an appeal to the unsaved by the Briga-  
dier. God bless Bro. and Sister McFee.

TRAIL. The Kootenay's sister McFee  
was visited by the P. O. next, on his  
way home. The S. A. has a number of  
practical friends here, and a number  
attended the Brigadier on his first  
visit to the infant corps, of which  
Capt. Arnold and Lieut. Brown are the  
planners.

The Revs. Glensford and Sweet took  
part in the meeting, each expressing their  
sincere wishes for a prosperous future  
of the S. A. in Trail.

The opening expenses are nearly cleared  
off, and two recruits were enrolled in  
connection with the Brigadier's visit.  
The Brigadier spoke with much liberty  
and power, making a deep impression  
upon his listeners. Trail expects the  
Brigadier back again soon.—X. Y. Z.

## WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good  
periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our  
various Reserve H.Q.s. The Friends of the  
War Cry will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with  
the work will send any contributions of this character to the  
following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 916 Yonge St. (Ave  
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—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER BEAD, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

(Serial.)

## The Evolution of a Seed.

## FIRST STAGE.



HITHER much  
transplanting  
stunts some  
seeds, this his-  
tory will show.

He was very  
small—that is, no  
larger than is  
usual after the  
wide experience of just two weeks,  
when migration began. Some babies  
would have died from the risk of the  
journey, but thus early George had  
not learned how to die, and instead,  
lived and flourished.

Fond fingers stroking the small  
brown pate discovered that rarity,  
a double crown, noticeable a few years  
later, and ever since, by a wayward  
wisp which resented all coatings of the  
comb to reduce to the level of his  
hair. The supposition that a double  
crown entitles the possessor to a life  
over more than one flag early held  
ground with George. Seedling in the  
advanced wisdom of twelve months,  
he took his second fitting—this time  
over the border.

Eight years in the Quaker State made  
up a boyhood which laid claim to not  
one characteristic of the Society of  
Friends. Peace principles—if anybody  
states that he knows boys naturally  
blessed with such, he is a prodigy, and  
so are the boys, amongst whom George  
Seeds is not included. The Religion itself  
play some important part in his  
numerous fights. George was an aver-  
age unit in a big Protestant school.  
Fate—or, fortune—had located the  
Catholic seminary not far away. Both  
schools were rampant with sectarianism.  
The smallest scholars were fired  
with furious zeal. So that the fathers  
made much ado about in words, their  
sons sought for. Those days were voted  
fame which did not score a licking for  
one outside the gates of either's alma  
mater—in summer it was a hand-to-  
hand conflict—in winter a sharp shower  
of stoned snow-balls. In one scholar's  
case, however, this vent to feeling has  
left behind it no latent animosity.

Union City was

## A Mischievous Canaan

flowing not with milk and honey, but  
with oil. The rows of cooper shops  
necessitated by the petroleum wells,  
which honeycombed the place, were  
sources of no small sport. An inclined  
plane trundled the barrels from the  
cooper's to the oil shops. To hop upon  
the hindmost and slide slowly from  
one to the other as they rolled, was  
glorious fun, save when some enemy  
tripped up the train half way down  
and the slider and half his wind  
squeezed out as he fell between.

But the oil itself made the most  
fascinating addition to all frolics. The  
fourth of July did not come round  
often enough, and a much minor event  
was sufficient excuse to parade the  
streets with a torch-light procession.  
Oil-soaked sticks, commonly called  
"cat-tails," provided torches galore. If  
the profusion of half-extinguished  
torches somewhat "endangered the  
town—well, Union City was nothing,  
if not loyal, and we suppose its police  
were willing to sacrifice something of  
safety to national sentiment.



But the most serious situation of oily  
fun on record resulted from an unalloyed  
exploit of George himself. He was  
when the idea struck him to keep him-  
self company by making a little blaze.  
George had all a boy's scorn for small  
things and a big aim had become a  
big one. Before he was aware it had  
caught the surrounding brushwood, all  
more or less saturated with inflammable  
oil, and for years George had, al-  
though the spreading bonfire was on its  
outskirts, the whole town was in dan-  
ger. Some hundred specks and shovels  
rained an earthwork to gain the en-  
croaching line of flame, and thus  
saved the city. George was an un-  
usually quiet witness of the exciting  
fight. As soon as possible he slunk  
home with would-be innocent air.

## A Suggestive Strap

hanging in readiness on a chair,  
told that his father had also been  
an early on-looker. Some-  
how or other the origin of the strap  
leaked out, and for years George felt  
that the city never forgave the boyish  
prank.

An incident of April Fool day oc-  
curred about this time. A fine flight  
of pigeons had fluttered over the city  
all one day. The air was quite heavy  
with the brush of wings. A bird-  
singing excursion to the woods was planned  
for the morrow. Six-year-old  
George and two younger brothers  
were forth in fine style, but  
they found no pigeons, instead, some-  
thing else found them. The something  
was a big brown thing running down  
the side of the woodland paths toward  
them. As they looked, it seemed to  
grow bigger. "A bear—a bear!"  
screamed the scared trio, and raced for  
dear life. Their brown pursuer raced  
too, and three panting, terrified boys  
flushed at last in the Seeds' door, and  
slamming it behind them yelled again,  
"A bear—a bear!" Armed with a  
stout stick, George's big brother went  
out to interview Bruin, but the bear  
proved to be only an inoffensive wood-  
chuck.



"You dare me, do you?"

Least the impression should be left  
that George was a coward, here must  
follow another exploit, which shows  
him in his usual foolhardy character.  
Splendid swimming facilities were  
within reach, and our hero early  
learned the art. His first attempt will  
not be forgotten. Standing on the river  
bank, just above the mill dam, some  
brown companions "stumped" small  
Seeds, then only seven years old, to  
jumping off outstretching and whow.  
"You dare me, do you," was the re-  
tor, "then look here," and  
throwing off his boots, George  
jumped into over twenty  
feet of water. He had not any idea how  
to swim, and after the usual number of  
sinkings and risings, the latter ceased,  
and by and by the tell-tale bubbles  
bursting told that

## George was Drowning.

The frightened onlooker dived in  
and brought the unconscious boy to

land. After an amount of punching  
and pumping, breath came again. Dis-  
cretion delayed return home until  
his hair was dried. But when George's  
innocent countenance looked round the  
door where his mother was busy iron-  
ing, he was greeted with—

"You precious boy, you might this  
moment be lying in a watery grave."  
Then, in the same breath, "You young  
rascal, you'll be the end of us all with  
that some day!"

The family grocer's cart had been  
passing over the river bridge at the  
moment of George's engulfing, and  
after seeing him pulled out, drove off  
to the boy's home, there to basely  
retail the whole story to his mother.

The floggings that fell not altogether  
undeserved on George, are too many  
to relate. Their memories remain.  
The smell of pancakes recalls a never-  
to-be-forgotten morning when while  
the mother cooked the savory dish the  
father enforced a lesson of implicit  
obedience by a handful of birch  
butts. But the boy did not score  
a one to more than touch upon.



"A bare, a bear!" screamed the scared  
trio, and raced for dear life."

One more exploit of George's early  
boyhood—its nearly cost him his life.  
General Tom Thumb was then the  
famous hero, and was in his mother's  
room, when George was "minding  
house," a neighbor's boy asked  
the loan of a photograph of this di-  
minutive hero, and was in his mother's  
room, but George knew where to find it  
and went upstairs three steps at a  
time, glass lamp in hand, to get it.  
Returning with more haste than safety,  
he tripped his foot at the top stair and  
fell headlong. The light was exting-  
uished, of course, and George, the lamp,  
and the photograph fell in

A Confused and Crushed Head  
on the floor. Feeling a little  
stunned, he cried out "dunk!"  
the furthest from his mind, George  
hurried into the neighbor's with the  
photograph.

Why, there's blood dripping from  
your side," cried his friend's mother.  
Rolling it up they found part of the  
lamp glass foot sticking in his arm.  
The woman pulled it out, and the  
blood immediately oozed out. The  
effect only produced when an artery is  
touched. In a few minutes George was  
speechless from loss of blood. Only  
immediate medical aid could have  
saved his life. And yet considering  
some of the hairbreadth rescues that  
afterwards befell him, we can hardly  
believe in comparison, even a narrow  
escape.

(To be continued.)

## THE MAN IN THE SACK.

I read in the life of John Wesley a  
story of Methodists meeting in a barn,  
and how certain of the villagers, who  
were afraid to break through the door,  
resolved to place one inside who would  
open the door to them during the service,  
that they might disturb the congregation.  
This person went in before the service  
began, and concealed himself in a sack  
in a corner of the barn. When the  
Methodists began to sing, he liked the  
tune so well that he would not get out  
of the sack till he heard it through.  
Then followed a prayer, and during the  
prayer God went in the man in the  
sack, so he began to cry for mercy.  
The good people looked around, and  
were astonished to find a sinner in a  
sack seeking the Saviour. The door was  
not opened to the mob after all; for  
he who intended to do so was converted.  
It does not matter how the people come  
to hear the Gospel! God can bless them  
in any case. If Christ is preached, men  
will be saved, even if they come to  
disturb.

Men are often capable of greater things  
than they perform. They are sent into  
the world with bills of credit, and sel-  
dom draw to their full extent.—Walpole.

... save when some enemy tripped up the train half way down, and the  
slider had half his wind squeezed out as he fell between."

# CENTRAL FLESHERTON BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN VISIT THE OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.

What a day, to be sure; how unpropitious the weather! In the city the wind many inches deep, the wind blew in strong blasts, which made the travellers' teeth and his poor limbs shiver. The strong wind hummed through the electric wires overhead, making a weird and monotonous sound, at the same time carrying sleet and snow along in its wake. Surely it was not the best chosen day to start a twelve days' journey, but appointments had been made and they cannot be broken, snow or no snow.

**ORANGEVILLE.** Our train steamed in 25 minutes behind time, and what a sight met our eyes at the station. Snow piled on snow, in mounds, in heaps, in the mountains, while in the town it was from three to four feet deep. We struggled out to the barracks and found a company of people gathered round the stove endeavoring to get a little warmth. The audience was small, nevertheless, while the Brigadier's address was both well received and inspiring. The weather was good, considering the small audience. Lieut. Fell has been struggling on alone and is doing his utmost and best to push things forward. It was decided to hold meetings at several of the villages round about.

## A Circle Corps.

**FEVERSHAM.** How we got there would be quite an interesting story if the writer's pen was able enough to describe the experience. On arrival at Fleisherton station (which left us about 14 miles to go by road) Capt. Brant met us and said the roads were very bad, and the snow drifts deep, would we care to risk the journey? "Certainly," if the people are expecting us and we had been announced we were not going to disappoint them. Three of us climbed into Bro. Bett's cutter, and away we go, whirling through the snow, down the hill and past the village of Fleisherton. By the time we reached Bro. Bett's house, three miles and a half distant from the station, fingers and toes became numb, what inconvenient! Anyway, a good fire, a good dinner, and a right-down good word from the dear old people was quite cheering. A conversation about the war and their own's experience, and "here comes the stage," and hurry away, fur caps pulled right down over our ears, collars raised as high as it was possible to get them. The snow by this time was coming down in a blinding storm, still Mr. Bruce, the driver, understood his business and knew his horses, and away we go. The process was slow by reason of the deep snow and heavy drifts, but by 5:30 we reached Feversham, to find the streets of the village the snow was knee-deep. The inside of the quarters was quite inviting, several soldiers from about the house had gathered prior to the meeting. A song and some prayer and Mrs. Gaskin, the Lieutenant and some soldiers are off in a sleigh to visit the Brigadier. The Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin were left behind to walk, ploughing through the snow up to their knees.

## Crowd in Spite of Snow.

Bye-and-bye the hall is reached. We were scarcely expecting anybody present, but what a surprise it was to see a splendid crowd gathered and ready to receive the Capt. and Mrs. Gaskin. These Feversham Circle soldiers are of the robust, hearty, go-ahead, hall-hungry type. They make you feel at home right away. You enjoy their company. You have a meeting with them and for the first time since we have been in the snow and cold again. During the night the wind had increased in violence, the snow storm had continued, the drifts had become so deep that we could not reach Fleisherton station was a question at 5:30 a.m. when we arose. At 7 o'clock we are seated in Mr. Bruce's stage and find the horses at the stage and find handsomely, then the snow is deeper, the drifts higher, the horses plunge through and are all once again in the road, and, horses up to the back, sleigh half over, driver struggling to get the horses out, Mrs. Gaskin wrapped in rugs half dead for grief death. Brigadier struggles to a fence and seats himself on the few inches of wood on the top. The man gets the horses out of a desperate struggle, decides they cannot go through,

moral impossibility, down gets the Brigadier off the fence, struggles up to the waist in snow and gets on the sleigh.

## Turn Back!

The best possible must be made of a bad job. Here we are in Feversham 14 miles from a railway station, four miles from the nearest telegraph office, looked for Owen Sound, expected to arrive at 1:30 Saturday, cannot get any means of telling them where we are, what is to be done? "Patience is a virtue," so we settled ourselves down to do the best we could under the circumstances. Found it impossible to get to a meeting on Saturday night, snow too deep. By Sunday afternoon we had to try. By a great effort we got to the barracks. Indulgent officials, 13 of us waded up to the knees in snow to the meeting. We were amply repaid for our trouble, for God richly blessed our souls, and we had indeed an inspiring time. At night the congregation must have numbered nearly 50, and again we had a blessed meeting. Monday morning once more we attempt to get through the snow, and arrived, after a struggle, by 10 a.m. to the meeting, to find the train 1 1/4 hours late.

**OWEN SOUND.** We arrived here at 3 o'clock on Monday instead of 1:30 on Sunday, to find that the soldiers had been down to the station to meet the last train on Saturday night with the big drum to welcome us, but had to return disappointed. However, we were pleased to learn from Ensign Smith that they had had splendid crowds and finances, and some in the Kingdom. By the way, this corps is in first rate shape. Ensign Smith and her assistants have done really well. Soldiers' Roll has increased, and everything has gone up with a bound. War Cry sales are larger, and when I

we start towards Chesley. But what a journey! We went at the magnificent rate of three miles an hour. It was with no little pleasure that we at last watched the horses trot over the bridge, and into the main street of the town, round the corner, and stop at the quarters. Ensign Smith and Brigadier rushed to the stove with chattering teeth. However, a cup of tea and a couple of sandwiches soon put us into good shape again.

**CHESLEY.** Under the leadership of Capt. Capper and Lieut. Edwards, this corps is getting along in line shape, crowds increasing, souls getting saved and things generally booming. Considering the heavy snow storm that was falling at the time, a splendid crowd turned out in the open-air, and we had a real splendid audience inside. The meeting went with a swing. Ensign Smith spoke with exceptional power and the Brigadier was in good form. The people alternately laughed and cried during his address, and amid great blessing to everyone present. At the conclusion of the meeting there was a welcome banquet provided, to which a goodly number sat down.

At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, seated in the sleigh once more, we start upon our journey. The snow was still drifting, and at times we could scarcely see 30 yards ahead of us. It was marvellous how we reached Tara at all, where dear Mrs. Gaskin was waiting for us, and twenty minutes driving. We drew up at his door and ran inside for shelter while the horses got a feed of oats.

## Reminiscences.

While we waited, Mr. Glover told us a story of his early days. On one occasion when he was a young man, he walked 25 miles to leave a service, and then only two old milks had gathered for the

# Pacific Pryings.

After his pleasant tour with Colonel Margetta, the P. O. had the honor of tying the knot between our old and sister Clara Myrtle Little, at Nelson, B. C. What a time we had, to be sure, but it will be reported another.

Self-Denial is over and the Pacific has won a magnificent victory—overshot its target, and doing an average of \$31 per cent. God bless our brave officers and soldiers.

Good news reaches us from all round. The Shelters are doing well. The Rescue Home at Spokane is full of girls.

The P. O. had the pleasure of conducting a week-end meetings at Lewiston, Ida. Splendid success. We had all come forward seeking salvation and cleansing. Enrolled six recruits and dedicated two children. Mrs. Howell was named to be present, but hindered on account of sickness at home. Capt. Haas and Cadet Long are meeting with good success.

Souls are getting saved. The following corps reported conversions: Roseland, Kaslo, Lewiston, Spokane, Billings, Great Falls, Helena, Mt. Vernon and Nelson.

The war is going well in the Kootenay District. Rossland is forging ahead, also at Nelson Adjt. Edgemore is happy. Revelstoke has had several souls of late.

The P. O. visits Kampe, Great Falls and Helena. At the latter city there is to be a wedding. Who? Well, Adjt. Walton and Ensign Stanbury will be there, and others. Watch the War Cry.

We are having a few changes. Capt. Bowers is transferred East. Captain Beaumont, of the North-West, is coming to the Pacific. Welcome, Captain. Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd have arrived to take charge of the Spokane Shelter. May God give them success.

Cadets Brown and Stanley have been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Capt. Sheard has secured the Y. M. C. A. building, at New Watcom, for a barracks. Good hit, Sheard. Five applications for the Field have reached us this month.

Adjt. Hay has been on the sick list, also Mrs. Capt. Lacy continues in a very poor state of health. Adjt. Alward is convalescent. Adjt. Miner expected back from her furlough about the middle of January. It is eight years since the Adjutant's last visit to her home.

Ensign Stevens has landed at Spokane, and taken hold of the corps in good shape. She enjoyed her visit to Norway very much.

Ensign Ziebarth and her sisters, Clara and Mamie, have been granted a well-earned furlough at last.—T. H.

## Ligar St. Corps in the Asylum.

At the request of Dr. Clark, of the Asylum, the band and Juniors gave an entertainment at the Asylum which the inmates enjoyed very much, judging by the enthusiastic way they clapped their hands. The children went through their drill, and sang songs in the new regulation style. There were about four hundred men and women present. The band played several selections. Several solo songs were sung. The doctors and keepers were very kind and gave us another invitation in the near future. Our band and Juniors are—Bro. S. McFarlane, Reg. Cor.

## London Self-Denial.

"Give to Jesus glory," was the hearty song of all on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 4th, when all the Self-Denial money was put on the altar and over it waved our dear old flag.

The brass band has done well, they worked hard day and night. Father Armstrong, the drum-major, has bent all past records, and the money was raised by the band, \$250.41. God bless them.

The Juniors deserve a pat on the back. They collected \$66. Edna Page coming in first with \$3.32; Ajeet Coombs second, \$5.55. They all did well. Fire a volley for the Lord.

The corps target has been smashed. Total raised, \$245.15. We are happy and going on to greater victories.—T. Coombs, Adjt.

## CAPTAIN BARRAGER AND LIEUT. STRONG.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

said that they raised \$125 for Self-Denial that means quite a bit for Owen Sound.

## Queer Fish.

The Brigadier had been announced to come and give an address on "Queer Fish," on Monday night, and a splendid crowd gathered, nearly filling the large hall. We had rich time, tears flowed, conviction was deep, but we were compelled to close without seeing any visible results. Mrs. Gaskin, in her address on Thursday night and had a splendid spiritual time, with one soul at the Mercy Seat. The Brigadier, with Ensign Smith, started for Chesley at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning in a sleigh, nearly 20 miles. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell the first 15 miles, this distance being covered in two hours and 45 minutes, but it was cold and we were glad to pull up at Grandfather Glovers where the horses were fed and warmed our toes. Dear Mr. Glover and his wife live alone. He is 81 years of age, and she 71. Mr. Glover was converted of the age of fifteen and with him died 32 years. Has been a Methodist local preacher for 60 years, I think it is, and even now occasionally occupies the pulpit.

## Saved at 5 a.m.

He tells the story how, one morning at five o'clock, he sought and found the Saviour, and became so unspeakably happy. The love of his Lord that he knelt down and prayed three times on his way home. Shortly after his conversion two men (one on either side of him) horse-whipped him alternately to try, on they said, "to knock religion out of him," but they failed. It did our soul good to talk with this dear old saint of God and his wife. Once again

meeting. He conducted his service, nobody asked him to have any food, so he tramped his way back again, 25 miles, on an empty stomach.

The following Sunday the minister went to preach, and finding his inside congregation small, commenced an open-air meeting, choosing for the site a deep of stones. While the good man delivered the inspiring message the toughs covered up with refuse, threw stale eggs and stones at him. When he came home he told the story to Mr. Glover, saying, "You must go next Sunday." When Sunday came away Bro. Glover goes to preach. He took his stand upon the heap of stones and a huge crowd, with their loud, roared away. Three hours he did to do? He sang his opening song and then knelt down to pray. God came down in great power upon the crowd, several rose from their knees, having been smitten down with the hand of God while he was praying. From that service a mighty revival broke out through the whole country side.

The writer left the humble cottage feeling that the great need of the present day was power in prayer and the Divine assistance of the Holy Ghost in might and in power. Three short hours and we cover the distance, nearly 15 miles, to Owen Sound.

(To be continued.)

The Army has secured a fine piece of property for a Rescue Home at Los Angeles.

The Army Hall in Lyons is situated two miles from the spot where President Carroll was assassinated.

## FLAGGING ZEAL.

Haggai 1. 2.

Haggai is the first of the three prophets sent to the Jews after their restoration to their own land. His brief message is given to arouse them to a task of which they had grown weary, the rebuilding of the House of God, begun very zealously 16 years before (when about 50,000 of them returned from captivity. It is

## A Call to Work.

Their temple was typical in more than one way. It is a type, in its site in Haggai's time, of the temple spoken of in Eph. ii. 14-22. This is an unfinished church, being built by human instrumentality. Its materials are men and women, hewn out of the quarry of the world, and fashioned into "living stones." These stones are of two substances, Jew and Gentile, never welded, together before, but now and their angle of meeting in Christ, the Corner-stone.

God's purpose towards Gentile and Jew respectively is indicated in Acts xv. 14-17, and Romans xii. 5, 26. In Haggai ii. 11, we have two elections coming together in order to form a church, they are elected to elect, and the Gentile part of the church is not complete without the Jewish.

Haggai's command to the Jews in "Go up and work," and his encouragement, "for I am with you." It is the same work, the same promise, and the same power for service that are given to us to-day. (Matt. xxviii., and Acts i.)

## Who Are the Workers?

Priest, prince, and people—all the people, men and women (Haggai 2-3). Is not one reason why our temple building goes on so slowly because it is left to Joshua and Zerubbabel instead of "all the people?"

In the days of the French revolution, when France was threatened by enemies on all sides, the Convention issued a "Levee en masse," by which "all France" was called out against the foe. Men, women and children, had their work assigned, in field, home or hospital, and so well was the call answered, that the victories of France overpowered Europe.

We have heard God's "Levee en masse," "I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine," and the silver and gold are the "Lords." How is it we are still taking liberties with His property?

## What Hindered?

In Haggai's time there were several hindrances. There were discouraging comparisons (Haggai 2-3). This temple was nothing to look at after Solomon's, and its Holy of Holies was empty. We cannot cover a world or even a nation, and there is often little outward success in mission work. A worldly Christian would rather give half his attention for some grand building than spend it on missions that have nothing to show.

There was opposition (Ch. 1-2). They are still, especially among the "conserators of Israel." The time is not come," nor is it, for the conversion of the world, but it is the time for preaching the Gospel "to every creature."

The greatest hindrance was selfishness, love of ease, covetousness. The men who said it was "not the time" to build for God, had time to build for themselves, "ceded houses," "houses with beautiful inlaid roofs. The command to "go up" and work, meant climbing Mount Lebanon, absence from home, and hard work. Yet it is not better to climb the bleak mountain with God, and hear His "Well done," than to sit in our "ceded houses," and say we know that we must one day have account to Jesus face to face?—D. Baron.

## Wants and Needs.

A "need" is one thing; a "want" is another thing. We want a great many more things than we need. A good parent wants the child to have whatever he needs, and is ready to secure such things for him, if within his power. He would be a culpable parent who would give his child whatever things he wanted, whether he needed them or not. A parent is, in fact, set to the duty of keeping his child from having many a thing he wants, as well as securing for the child whatever he needs. Our Heavenly Father is truest and best of parents in this same discriminating effort. His children. He knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. We tell Him the things that we want. We ought to be grateful that He will give us the things that we want unless He knows that we also have need of them.

A Tie-Up  
AT LIPPINCOTT STREET.

Brigadier Gaskin Conducted the Marriage Ceremony of Adjutant "Jim" Adams, of the Trade, and Captain Maggie L. Smith, of the C. O. P.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of  
CAPTAIN MAGGIE L. SMITH  
to

ADJUTANT JAMES ADAMS

at the Salvation Army Barracks, Lippincott St., Toronto, on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, 1888, at 8 o'clock p.m.

In compliance with the above invitation I journeyed Lippincott-wards on Tuesday night, Dec. 20th, to see the great deed done. On my arrival at the barracks I found that the marriage had not arrived but the hall was well filled. Ere long you could hear the sound of a band, and in came the march headed by the Lippincott Band. Major Adams and his lined out the first song and the meeting had well started, when in walked the interested couple, accompanied by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Ensign Turpin, who was best man, and Sister Smith, the Captain's sister. The song was forgotten for the moment, for who could allow such an occasion to pass without giving a clap of their hands, a shout of joy, or something of the kind.

The Brigadier called on Adj. Stanyon to say, and

"I'll follow the Saviour by day and by night,  
I'll follow the Saviour, for He leadeth me aright."

was taken up by the audience and sang most heartily.

A few introductory words from the Brigadier followed. First, he said there was to be no rice thrown around, as it was a sinful waste. He quoted the old adage, "Wifful waste makes woeful want. Second, there is to be no bounding."

The Brigadier read a portion of Scripture and then called on Major Hargrave to read the Articles of Marriage, after which the interested couple were asked to step forth, which they did. Both answered at the proper time with "I will," in a clear and distinct voice. The Brigadier then pronounced them to be man and wife, and the bride and groom bow their heads while he prayed. After which the band favored us with a selection.

The Brigadier spoke a few words in reference to Adj. and Mrs. Adams. He had, he said, seen the Adjutant a good many times, and he always seemed to be busy at something, besides he believed him to be a real good fellow in every respect. He also said that if Solomon's wife had written any of the Proverbs she would have written thus: "Whoso findeth a husband findeth a good thing." Continuing the Brigadier said that if size had anything to do with it, they were all right. He had spent five days at the corps with Mrs. Adams, when she was Captain of the corps at Little Current, and he knew whereof he spoke when she said he was O. K. The Brigadier also told of how when he wanted a supply for a few weeks during self-denial, how willingly she filled the gap, went in red-hot for S.-D., and scored a big victory.

Major Horn, who termed himself the Adjutant's "boon," spoke next. He was not a great speech maker, but he could truthfully say that he knew the Adjutant to be a real good fellow. Before sitting down he gave the Adjutant one of his sweet kisses.

The Adjutant said that he did not understand the Brigadier when he made reference to his size, and when he said that "Good goods were done up in small parcels." Because, said he, "when I say good goods I like to get a good lot of them." He thanked the audience for their kind attention, and for the interest they had taken in being there. Continuing, he said, "I made up my mind some time ago that I would be present this evening, rain or shine." He knew there were red-letter days in everybody's life, and he thought he would not soon forget this one. He was glad it only came once in a lifetime and was also glad because it was all over with. He wished the audience a Merry Christmas before sitting down. After a few words from Mrs. Adams Mrs. Gaskin and the Brigadier drew the meeting to a close.

After the meeting we sat down, at least about half of those present at the wedding did, to one of the finest banquets that the writer has ever had the privilege to attend. Adj. Desbrisay, Capt. Carlton and the Cadets and soldiers of Lippincott have worked hard to make the meeting the success it was, and in spite of the night being wet, the hall was filled right up.—G. W. Peacock.

UNITED FOR  
SERVICE.Toronto, Dec. 20,  
1898.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. ADAMS.

## The Human Heart.

In conversing with a friend the other day, she said to me, "You then believe in total depravity?"

I answered, "Most assuredly I do. I believe that the human heart, in its unregenerated, unsevered state is what God describes to be 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and under provocation, capable of committing the very worst crimes that can be imagined, for the seed of evil is within that heart. Look at the words of our Lord Himself in Mark vii, 'That which cometh out of the man that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, wickedness, conceit, murders, thefts, covetousness, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemies, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.'"

Oh, my unconverted reader, will you see now if never before, that according to this statement you are in this terrible condition. Your heart is indeed depraved. It is a desperately wicked heart, at enmity against God, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be in your present state. You are a child of wrath. You are exposed to the wrath of God Almighty. You are under the curse of the law, guilty, condemned, in bondage to the devil, and liable at any moment to drop into hell, into everlasting burning, and but for the long-suffering and mercy of God you would have been there ere this. But, oh, hallelujah!

God has provided a way of escape. Look, oh, look! You are nearly in the flames. But look, there is Jesus, the great fire-escape, so near you can jump into His arms and be safe. But you must repent, confess and forsake all your sins, and then the glorious promise in Ezekiel xxxvi. will be yours, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean from all your filthiness and from all your idols. I will cleanse you, a new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you." You shall then bring forth the fruits of the spirit, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Wonderful, wonderful change! Washed in the Blood of Jesus. A new creature, heart white, clean, pure, holy in the sight of God. And when this life is over you shall be permitted, nay, if you do His commandments you shall have a right to the tree of life, and shall enter through the gates into the City.—M. F. Ellis.

## The Eternal Cross.

"But all through life I see a Cross,  
Where sons of God yield up their breath.  
There is no gain except by loss,  
There is no life except by death.  
There is no vision but by faith,  
Nor justice but by bearing shame;  
Nor justice but by taking blame!  
And that eternal passion saith,  
'Be emptied of glory, right and name.'"  
—Walter C. Smith.



THE THREE MARKS OF PETERBORO.

Treasurer Mark Butcher, Color-Serjt. Mark Spensley, Brother Mark Walnwright.



## The Territorial Secretary in the Pacific Province

BIG TIMES—THOROUGH INSPECTION—SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary to the Pacific Province has been highly satisfactory; officers and soldiers received much encouragement. The Colonel "caught on" with the Westerners immensely. He had his introduction into the Pacific at Revelstoke, one of our recent openings, and was very much impressed with the blood-and-fire spirit of our soldiers there. The P. O. met the Colonel at Vancouver, in which city he had landed two hours before the P. O., who found him engrossed at the inspection of corps work.

The reception meeting on Saturday night was a rattling time. The Colonel had visited the coast some four years ago, and his old friends were glad to see him. The soldiers were full of fire. The Sergt.-Major of Vancouver Corps welcomed the Territorial Secretary on behalf of the corps, while Lieut. Jones gave the Colonel a warm welcome on behalf of the Social, and the P. O. assured him a most hearty welcome on behalf of the officers of the Pacific. The Colonel spoke with much liberty, and sang, "I cannot leave the dear, old flag." This song caught on so well that he was requested to sing it again on Sunday afternoon.

Twenty-seven persons met for knee-drill and prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. An excellent crowd gathered for the holiness meeting, at which the Colonel gave a powerful address. Five persons came forward seeking salvation and cleansing. 3 p.m. was a rousing time—a proper Army crowd, fiery testimonies, and a full house at night, with a splendid spirit all around the meeting. The Colonel's subject was "The Great White Throne." God used his words. The crowd stayed until 11 p.m., and four souls were saved.

Monday was a very stormy day. It was snowing and raining. Vancouver people can stand any weather, but snow and slush, hence our crowd at the 1st Congregational Church was rather slim. Rev. Mr. Meekle, an old friend of the Army, assisted on Monday night. The soldiers rallied up well and we had a very good finish.

The Colonel inspected the Shelter and Wood Yard, being much pleased with everything in general, and commended Adj. and Mrs. Patterson and their assistants highly for the work accomplished.

Tuesday we boarded steamer "Islander" for Victoria, where we were met by Adj. Ayre and Barr, who gave the Colonel a very fitting welcome to the Capital City. The Colonel conducted three meetings. The soldiers were apparently much encouraged and blessed. We spent Thanksgiving Day here.

After this we took the Great Northern to Spokane, passing over the Cascade Mountains. The train, the scenery and will ever be remembered by the T. S. The Colonel received a grand welcome in a house. Words suitable were spoken by some of the local people and by Mrs. Alward on behalf of the Social, Captain Thoen on behalf of the Rescue Home, and Staff-Captain Barr on behalf of the Province. The Colonel's meetings on Sunday were very helpful. The attendance was splendid. The night at Missusoula was splendid. The T. S. was very busy while at Spokane. He went through all the Provincial and Corps Books, and wound up his visit with a cup of tea at the P. O.'s quarters with all the City Staff.

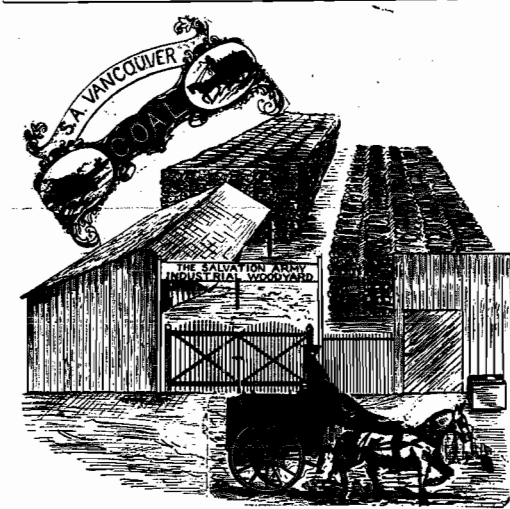
Hero "The Haven," as well as the Rescue Home, was visited, much to the satisfaction of the Colonel.

A splendid house greeted the T. S. at Missusoula, and had an excellent meeting, finding that we could reach Anacostia by Friday, at the same time giving Missusoula another meeting, the Colonel decided to put in another night at Missusoula, very much to the delight of the soldiers and friends. Landing at Anacostia, Ensign Stanbury was taken by surprise, she expected us to arrive on the midnight train, but the Ensign was equal to the occasion and made us feeling at home very much. The T. S. met at the P. O.'s Methodist Church was in every sense successful. The Rev. Mr. Ewkes introduced the visitor to his congregation. A splendid reception in every sense, the

Colonel received at Butte. The D. O. Adj. Hay, came over to Anacostia to escort the T. S. to that great mining centre, where the Colonel witnessed some very interesting things. This is what the Anacostia Standard says about the Colonel's visit:

Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Margetts, one of the oldest and best known general officers of the Salvation Army, is on a visit to Butte. Colonel Margetts is Territorial Secretary of the Army, under Commissioner Eva Booth, and is making an inspection of all the posts in Commissioner Booth's jurisdiction. Colonel Margetts arrived in Butte yesterday morning, accompanied by Brigadier Howell, of Spokane. The day was spent in examining the records and inspecting the property of the local post, and in the evening the distinguished visitor was rendered a reception at the Army barracks, which was attended by a gathering which filled the commodious hall to its capacity.

The visitor was welcomed by Brigadier Howell and Adj. Hay in brief speeches and Colonel Margetts responded, reviewing his impressions of his present tour. Among other things, he said that in swinging around the circle from his headquarters to the Pacific Coast and back, he had visited all the posts en route, and in all his Territory nowhere had he found the Salvation Army in more flourishing condition than in the West. He paid a special tribute of praise to the circumstances in which he finds the local post. At the conclusion of the speaking Colonel Margetts shook hands for about half an hour with those who had gathered to welcome him. His meetings on Sunday were conducted in the Auditorium, which were of an interesting character and well attended. The Standard gives the following report of the same:



"Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, the noted Salvation Army leader, who is visiting the local Salvation Army post, held three rousing meetings at the Auditorium yesterday, one in the morning at 11 o'clock, another at 3 in the afternoon, and a third at 8 in the evening. All were largely attended, and the eloquent speaker succeeded in arousing a great deal of enthusiasm."

Adj. and Mrs. Hay have a nice platoon of soldiers, and got their S.-D. target in splendid shape and went over to the P. O.'s sold good-bye to the T. S. here.

The P. O. and T. S. met an old friend at Seattle, in the person of Staff-Capt. Watson, who is the Social Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Civil Division. We visited the Shelter, Wood Yard and Banquet Factory. Our old friend is in good spirits and happy in his work. He is also enquiring after his old friends.

The Press has given good space and reports of the Colonel's meetings.

The Colonel expressed himself as being very much at home with the Western people.

The officers had all they could for the comfort of the T. S. and the success of his meetings.

Up to Butte thirty-one souls came to the Master's feet.

The T. S.'s visit has done us all good, and we were very happy to part with him.

## Moncton's Big Go.

Brigadier Pugmire Talks on the Social and Spiritual Development of the Salvation Army.

PREMIER EMERSON PRESIDES.

The barracks was filled by an audience in sympathy with the S. A., and which listened with remarkable attention to all that the Brigadier had to say about the progress of our work.

Hon. H. R. Emerson presided, and Mayor Cole and W. C. Robinson, M.P.P., who were also present by special invitation, occupied front seats among the officers and soldiers of the local corps. Premier Emerson briefly addressed the meeting by way of introducing Brigadier Pugmire, the Provincial Officer.

The Moncton Daily Times says: Mr. Emerson, who was received with considerable applause on rising, said he esteemed it an honor to be called upon to preside over such a meeting. The work of the Salvation Army had been such as to claim the respect of the people. In the work he saw a consecrated personality seldom seen in this world of ours. This institution was one imbued with a missionary purpose, and he was sure this missionary spirit met with the commendation of the people of the country at least. The consecrated personality by which the work in the Army was characterized, he was sure, would accomplish very much. At the beginning of the present century, he pointed out, only one-fifth of the people

heard the Gospel, and he exhorted his audience to do their share in carrying the Gospel to the unenlightened.

A collection on behalf of the work was taken at the close of the Brigadier's address, after which Mayor Cole and Mr. C. W. Robinson were called upon for speeches. Both spoke briefly in commendation of the good work done by the Salvation Army, their remarks being warmly applauded.

## Safe Over Jordan.

ALBERT DUNCAN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

Our hearts have been saddened by the loss of our beloved comrade, Albert Duncan, who was ordered to Glory from the ranks of the Salvation Army, in Campbellton, on Nov. 22nd. For over eight years Bro. Duncan has been a faithful soldier, and as long as he has lived, he was in his place, both on the march and platform, ever ready to testify to what Jesus had done for him. Although very young when he gave his heart to the Lord, he had learned much of sin, and he has often said that he was saved just in time.

For something over a year he has been ailing, but he was not in bed a little over two weeks. Consumption had laid its withering hand upon him, and, therefore we could realize the fact, he had gone. He did not know that death was so near, but, praise the Lord, he was ready, and softly as one going to sleep, his spirit went to be with Jesus. Our deepest sympathies and prayers are for his sorrowing relatives. Especially do we sympathize with his dear old grandmother, who has long filled a mother's place to him.

Capt. Fred Knight, of Chatham, led the funeral services assisted by the corps officers, Capt. Matheson and Lieut. Winchester. We gave him a real Army funeral, and we believe that God spoke to many hearts who gathered around that open grave. Our prayer is that someone will soon step into the breach in our ranks, and as faithfully as our departed brother, serve our living Lord. —W. S.

## PICKLES.

"I have multiplied visions . . . and have used similitudes."—Hosea xii. 10.

Spend not your days at the cobwebs, but destroy the spider.

Count it not waste of time to sharpen the tools that you work with.

Many a man stumbles just because his head is bigger than his feet can carry.

One reason that people travel so slow to heaven is, they stop at the valley of humiliation and try to invent a flying machine to cross over the heights of grace with.

Does a clean soul live in a dirty man? or a clean man in a dirty house?

Some "Jacks" think they are as good as their master. That's why they are in constant grief about other people not thinking so.

It is well to "care for your brother," but while you're walking by his side and are keeping a continual "eye" on him, he'll stumble, you yourself may put your foot in the snare.

When a frog reaches the top of a tree he may think it is above the whole world and say, "I have come from being where the eagle soars. Moral: Learn to know the extent of your understanding." —H. Kreiger, Lieut.

## South America.

Brigadier F. W. Pearce, of the Argentine Republic is going through the country for a five weeks' tour with a graphophone, everywhere attracting a good many people.

At Santa Fe our hall is crowded every night by people anxious to hear our officers.

# Reflections.....

## THE GENERAL.

Berne, December 10th.

I am feeling better this morning than for some days past. What a marvellous thing health is! It is like the sunshine on the landscape. It does not make or change the outward form of the hills, and valleys, and streams, and trees around; but it lights them up and renders them still more visible, interesting, and beautiful. So the success with which God is pleased to bless our wandering labors appears this morning all the more blessed, and the every-day difficulties and disappointments more endurable and surmountable with a little extra bodily vigor, and an increased measure of those animal spirits which over accompany good health.

### Rough Weather.

I have had a good deal of toiling up and down on this campaign. I left England in a storm. The Channel was in wild commotion, and our steamer lay at the wharf an hour after the time fixed for her departure, as though the officers in charge were hesitating whether they should venture into the stormy ocean or not. At length, the command was given, the moorings were loosed, and away we went. I admired the Captain's pluck. I always appreciate courage. Especially do I admire that quality in Salvatorians. Nothing endears them to my heart more than the brave facing of difficulties and dangers in order to carry out the purpose of God, push the Army, and save the souls of men. But for the sea the toiling continues. The wind blew a hurricane, and howled an accompaniment to every blast. At times it seemed as though the truth would go clean over, and then it fairly jumped again. We were an hour and a-half late in Paris, where we had only just time to gallop across the city, and save our train for Geneva by three minutes.

### Slow Progress.

The outward toiling, however, came to an end on the following morning in the beautiful home of Madame Glingens, one of our oldest and most generous Geneva friends; but the inward agitation continued throughout the campaign. The slow progress of the work of salvation makes on the Continent—indeed, everywhere, the world over—is a constant trial to me, and must be to everybody who cares about the honor of Christ and the salvation of men. All through these great cities Satan seems to have his own way without let or hindrance, but there is nothing for it but to keep pushing ahead.

When the American Civil War was looking darkest and most difficult for the Northern States, little progress appearing to be made, although immense efforts were being put forth, President Lincoln was asked what was to be done in view of the gloomy aspect of things. He replied, "THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO KEEP PEGGING AWAY." That course was followed. They pestered away. Blood and treasure was poured forth without measure; the victory was won, the slaves were freed, and the Union was secured. We must follow the same course, and if we do it as vigorously we shall have a triumph that will be beyond the most sanguine expectations. Comrades, you must keep away.

### Better on Before.

If not so rapid as we could wish, some progress is being made in Switzerland. My Geneva visit was a real victory. Not only were my meeting perfectly orderly, but so were those held after I left, when thirty men came to my meeting form. Baste, Zurich and Berne have followed with encouraging crowds and results. Everywhere now under the "good news" of the appearance of the Lord, and all that He wanted for mighty things are officers and soldiers who will dash in, determined to have souls at all costs.

Two years ago a Russian gentleman who had lost fortune, reputation and hope through intoxicating drink, came to me here. He was a real victory. Some friends offered him the Total Abstinence Pledge, but, on reading it over and observing that it committed him to abstain "by the help of God," he reasoned, "How can I hope that God will help a man who is living such a life of rebellion as I am?" and he relapsed into his old ways. Twelve months ago, hearing of my visit to that city, he came to listen to me, and although I was tied down to the topic of our meeting, he was heard enough to show that God gave new life and strength to those who gave themselves to Him. He went away resolved to try the help of God, and was blessed by the mercy of God; and was made a new creature. After twelve months walking with God, he has returned to Russia, from whence he writes

to say that he is being kept by Divine Grace, and hoping soon to see the advent of the Army to his native country.

### "Come Over and Help Us"

In these cities I am constantly receiving invitations to send officers to the eastern nations of Europe. In Bulgaria and Roumania I am over and over again assured that we should receive a hearty welcome, find perfect liberty and reap a glorious harvest. Take the following story about Hungary:

Some five years ago a Hungarian gentleman came to England on some kind of business, whether political or commercial I do not know. Among other things that interested him in London nothing aroused his curiosity, or took a more powerful hold of his sympathies than the Salvation Army. He attended the meetings, read the literature, enquired as to our history, and finally came to the conclusion that the Army was the very thing needed by, and calculated to bless, his native country.

He had a dear friend at home, a doctor, in the employ of the Government, and to him he wrote from time to time about his impressions, and on his return to Hungary he gave him the further information he had obtained, and made

went about making people good, was so much impressed that he wrote to Berlin for full information.

After reading the papers sent him, he came to the conclusion that the Army was just the sort of thing needed in Braslau, and at once pressed that officers might be sent to establish it.

But, alas! no officers were on hand; so he wrote and wrote again, until Commissioner McKie told him to get to work himself selling War Cry, and to look for a hall. He soon sold fifty Crye per week, and found a hall. Officers were sent, and to-day we have in Braslau seven corps, and three in the immediate district, making ten corps, which are the outcome of that young man's consecration.

### The Juniors Again.

But all this points to the crying need for officers. Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and the unoccupied portions of the Territories where we are at work all cry out.

### "Officers! Officers! Officers!"

And when I hear these appeals, my heart instinctively turns to the Juniors. There is the unlimited supply, and if watched over and trained, these are the world's conquerors for the future. The following little letter sent to the Chief-of-the-Staff, tells its own story. Oh, let us encourage and guide the fire that is burning in the breasts of thousands of the young

of the best of my life. Oh, what tenderness of spirit, what earnestness of desire, what longing for the fulness of salvation! God bless those dear officers! And bless Switzerland! Brigadiers Boussett and Haartman have a great and glorious responsibility before them. I pray that they may have the determination, the enterprise, the wisdom, and the fire that they need. The Army has now a fair and noble opportunity. And officers, and the General are wondering whether it will be taken advantage of. Dear comrades, officers, and soldiers, my prayers are for you and my sympathies are with you. I hope to meet you again on the Swiss battlefield.

## Brother Webb, Galt.

Color-Sergt. William Webb, Whose life sketch appeared some time ago in the War Cry, was promoted to Glory on the morning of Dec. 22nd, peacefully, after having suffered with bronchitis for several months, at the age of seventy-nine.

He leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters.

The Galt Reporter referred to the decease of our comrade in the following words:

The late William Webb was born in Manchester, Eng., on the 17th of January, 1820. On the 15th of October, 1838, he enlisted in Her Majesty's service at Ashton Underline, in the 20th regiment, and served with that famous regiment until the year 1861, when he was honorably discharged. He went through the Crimea War and the Indian Mutiny, being in the following notable engagements: Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, Sebastopol; Indian actions, Chanda, Sultanpore, the fall of Lucknow, Alom Bagh, Puitighar, Fyzabad, Rumburder, Nepal, and two general actions under the Nepal Hills under Prince Gung bedoro Teritara.

His discharge, which was received on the 21st of January, 1861, reads as follows:

"These are to certify that No. 1724, Corporal William Webb, born in the Parish of Manchester, in or near the town of Manchester, in the County of Lancashire, was enlisted in the 20th Regiment on the 15th of October, 1838, at the age of 18 years; that he has served in the army for 21 years and 43 days. He is discharged as an indulgence at his own request, free from pension, after 21 years' service. Authority dated Horse Guards, 21st January, 1861. Signed, W. J. Phillips, commanding officer Second Department, First Battalion, 5th day of February, 1861."

"Horse Guards, 26th Feb. 1861. Discharge of Corporal William Webb. Signed, B. W. Ponsonby, D. A. G."

"Conduct good. He is in possession of two good conduct badges, also a Crimea medal and three clasps, India war medal and clasp for Lucknow, and is entitled to Turkish war medal."

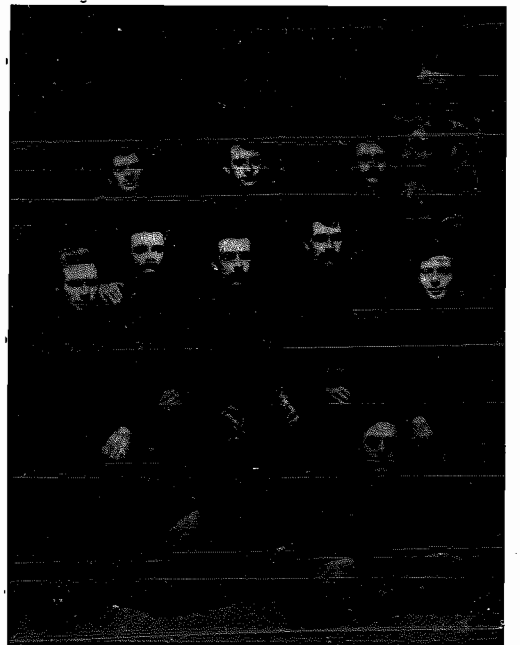
It is worthy of mention that he received his Crimea medal from the hands of Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself, who remarked as she presented it to him that if ever she could do anything for him, or the few who were left of the 20th regiment, she would be pleased to do it. Mr. Webb, in referring to the incident, has frequently said that it was eleven years that he stood up before his Queen, than to stand up before the guns of an enemy.

Shortly after receiving his discharge, about 31 years ago, Mr. Webb came to this country with his wife and family, and settled in Baden, afterwards moving to New Hamburg, and about eight years ago to Galt. He was a stationery engineer by trade, and worked at his calling in Baden and New Hamburg. Since coming to Galt he has lived practically a retired life.

The deceased, needless to say, was a very entertaining conversationalist on subjects relating to British military life. His military opinions were those that take up with interest whatever they go into. Not only was he an enthusiastic military man, but of late years he was a very active member of the Salvation Army, and at their meetings frequently rehearsed some incidents of personal experience from which he drew lessons to illustrate his military training.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Helzler, though in poor health, has started on a visit to the United States, and is attending to two weddings of Staff Officers.

During October, 6,550 persons have availed themselves of the great advantages offered by the Salvation Army Hotel, popularly known as the "Hotel," to say 3,533 more than during the preceding month. The Hotel is a large boarding-house, conducted by the Army on Christianian principles, and the place was much needed for the moral and material comfort of the working people of the capital of France.



ENSIGN FLETCHER AND CADETS OF TORONTO MEN'S TRAINING GARRISON.

him promise to assist him in securing the introduction of the Army. A little time afterwards, however, he died; but on his deathbed he made the doctor promise that he would never rest until he got the Army established there.

Two years passed and nothing was done. The doctor had a good position. He felt that he could do nothing unless he gave it up. Naturally, he hesitated. But his memory of the man who was dying friend haunted him, and at last he came to the decision to fulfill his vow. A few days ago he wrote to Berlin to say that he was willing to throw up his berth, and if we will send officers, or show him how to go about it, he will give his life up to the task. Hungary, he has decided, shall have the Salvation Army.

### How We Stand.

Last September twelvemonth some Salvatorians strayed into the city of Braslau, and to a small meeting described the character and work of the Army. Amongst those present was a young man who, on hearing about this new sect that

people around us! To understand this note, it may be necessary to say that a little time back the age of admission for the Territorial was raised from twelve to thirteen.

"Dear Chief, I just want to tell you that I want to be a Corps Cadet, but I can't, you see, because I am not yet thirteen. Now, I don't think it is quite fair to change the age, for when I was eleven years old I could be a Corps Cadet when I was twelve, but just before I was twelve they raised the age to thirteen. Now I shall have to wait nearly seven months. Well, don't you think you could allow me to be a Corps Cadet now? I wear full uniform, and have done so for about eight years. I do not think so very active member of the Salvation Army, and I want to be one too. I shall wait patiently for an answer, but do not let it be long in coming, please—I am, yours obediently."

### The Future.

The officers' meetings have been very interesting. The last, at Zurich, was one

## OFFICIAL NOTICE.

## The Juniors' Week.

The Field Commissioner has decided to set apart Feb. 5th to Feb. 12th, for the purpose of conducting a Special Campaign on behalf of the Junior Branch of the Army. All the Junior forces will engage in THE JUNIORS' WEEK. Provincial and District Officers and others will please arrange to have the aforementioned dates left free from other extraordinary efforts. Special instructions governing THE JUNIORS' WEEK will be issued shortly.

(Signed) J. E. MARGETTS,  
Territorial Secretary.



## Self-Denial Victory.

Brigadier Howell, of the far-off Pacific Province, has been the first Provincial Officer who has made his complete S.D. returns to Headquarters, which was the splendid achievement of \$30 over his target. Major Southall has, with constancy, followed up his record of many triumphs in 1898, by going \$250 above the W. O. P. target, and raising the magnificent sum of \$3,750 in his domain. We lift our cap in due honor to Major Southall and his plucky officers. The remaining Provinces have not yet completed their returns, but from all indications it may safely be claimed that the Territorial Target will be reached, to say the least, and it is very probable, will be gone over. This information will certainly produce profound gratitude in the heart of every true soldier, whose dearest interest is centred in the spreading of the S. A. war into every dark corner of the globe.

## Daisy.

Limitation of space prevented us to print with the Temperance Address of the Field Commissioner one of the stories with which she so forcibly illustrated her pronouncement against the drink traffic, but being especially requested, Miss Booth has consented to have the incident printed in this edition. To produce the wonderful effect as "Daisy" did upon that vast crowd in the Pavilion, one must hear Miss Booth tell it in her own characteristic manner, and intonation, but even to those who were not present at the meeting when the story was related, will it prove of interest, and strengthen every tender and pure emotion.

## Our J. S. Lesson.

Readers in general and J. S. workers in particular will notice that we have discontinued to reprint the weekly lesson from the J. S. Manual. This reprint ceased to be of importance with the better distribution of the J. S. Manual, which is, or ought to be, in the hand of every company leader. In place of these outline lessons, we shall have brief sketches of various world-famous writers, which articles will form not only interesting and instructive reading for soldiers and friends, but also may be used with benefit in the more advanced companies, or in our young people's classes. We shall commence the first of such lessons next week.

If you find a good many faults, be on the lookout; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look in.



**D**AISY by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

"And what do you expect to get for that faded nosegay, little one?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother,"—holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents," demands that the money is given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cries the father.

"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, you might have thought the little one had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; it weren't the flowers, you know; there no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her sompin'; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was

sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of me eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks: the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,  
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;  
Jesus, Jesus, while all my sins I grieve,  
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her!" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa. Come here to me, papa: I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you've made good, papa. I don't mind loosing my eye, if you're only be good and good to mamma. I would loose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garret:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!  
Where sin and care are now away, Oh, so bright!  
There sin is left the happy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright,*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak while the broken-hearted father poured on the face cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.





# Home Once More,

OR,

## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY THE GENERAL.

**H**IS ought not to have gone. I am not familiar with his case, but I have known so many hundreds of similar ones that I think I can describe it pretty accurately. So I start off by saying that it was a thousand pities that he took the course he did in going away from home, and all the blessings that were his portion.

What a misfortune it is that Prodigals and wrong-doers cannot see a little further as to the consequences of their foolish conduct! Everybody else knew how the thing would turn out; he was as blind as a bat, fell into a passion, and refused to be either advised or prayed with, and went off in anything but an agreeable temper.

It was a cruel business for his father and mother. But I am sorry to say young people nowadays seem to think less and less of their obligations to their parents—that is, when their own gratifications come in the way. When God says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," He means just that, neither more nor less; and I believe that He fulfills the promise annexed to the command where it is obeyed: and when young folks unrighteously set their parents at naught, they must look out for the consequences. But, alas! how few Prodigals stop to think of the anguish they are inflicting on the hearths of the dear ones who have toiled for their welfare with such absorbing care for so many years gone by!

I read of a mother, a little time back, whose son went away, without any explanation, when he was twenty years of age. The family lived in the country, and every night before retiring to rest, the anxious mother opened the door that was ever kept on the latch, and peered out into the darkness, while every morning she ascended a little hill near her cottage to see if there was any sign of the wandering boy.

Oh, the miseries the Prodigals make!—miseries of all description. "Ah!" said a Prodigal, the other night, "The General has been talking about murderers! Am I not a murderer? Would not my sister, who lies cold in her grave to-night, be alive and walking about, but for my conduct? And would not my brother, who is shut up in a Lunatic Asylum, be free and in his right mind to-day, had I acted differently?"

Oh! the miseries the Prodigals make for themselves! Look at the young man sketched in the picture. What hunger, and cold, and misery are behind him! And, what is far more serious, what marks of sin and vice are to be traced in his countenance! HIS SIN HAD FOUND HIM OUT!

Oh! what a misery is the dark dotting there is in God's book, unless it has been blotted out by the infinite merits of Christ's precious Blood. Oh! where else has he been, and who else has he wronged and ruined on his wanderings? What time has he lost, what talent he has abused, what money he has squandered, what reputation he has destroyed, what disgrace he has brought on those whose name he bears, and how near he has been to the gates of Hell! How truly he has wasted his substance in riotous living!

I don't know what it happened with this young man—that is, the leaving of his home—but I know how it too often comes about with others. Wanderers from home and deserters of God very strongly resemble each other; they belong to the

same family, and their backslidings usually proceed from very similar causes—and, alas! too often lead to the same bitter end.

I say I don't know what led up to the rupture in this particular case. Doubtless the lad had some grievance—or, at least, he thought he had. Runaways commonly have. When people have been led off into some wrong action, or made up their minds to some departure from duty, they are poor creatures, indeed, if they cannot contrive to vilify the loved ones whose hearts they are breaking, or invent some objection to the cause they are deserting as an excuse for leaving it.

As with Prodigals in particular, so with backsliders in general—the reasons given for their conduct are usually very miserable ones. I suppose the devil, who was the first prodigal in the universe, tried to make up some sort of justification for his hellish rebellion; and we know that Adam and Eve had their excuses pat enough, and all, or nearly all, who have followed them on the same doleful track, have carefully copied their example. As to the true reasons they will differ. Sometimes it is rebellion against restraint, or attachment to some forbidden sin, or the influence of evil companions, or it may be pride, or conceit, or bad temper; anyway, whatever reasons may have led to the desertion of God or home, they all spring from the ugly root of selfishness, which finds expression in the sentence, "I want to be free and to do what I like, to get away from the reproaches of good people, and to be the master, or the mistress, of my own destiny."

Well, it was a bad affair, and, poor fellow! he sees it now. Sinners of all sorts are blind, and none are so blind as those who have once walked in the light. If the light that is in a man ever becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! Oh, the blindness of the Prodigal!

He has come into the light now, and has come home into the bargain. Hallelujah! If I had not been thrown among so many prodigals, and had so many fights with backsliders, I should be tremendously puzzled with the conduct of the Prodigal, whose case is set forth by the Master. Why did HE not at once go home when he came to be in want? He knew there was plenty there and to spare—anyway, for him. But, instead of going home, he went and hired himself to a pig-dens in the slums of Samaria city—surely the most hateful employment in which any Israelite could possibly engage!

And why are backsliders and prodigals in general so reluctant to go home in our day? They fight the Penitent-Form and the dear Officers and Soldiers who struggle for them. No doubt the devil with all his might withstands the first thought of returning, and brings out all his old stock arguments to prevent it; works on their sense of shame, and raises such questions in their hearts as, "What will the Captain say?" "You'll never be able to stand." "You had better hang yourself, as Judas did, or drown yourself, if you prefer it?"

I suppose our friend in the illustration, like the rest, fought his convictions after this fashion—refusing to read his mother's letters, or take any notice of his father's offers to welcome him home, and every other method of God and man that was at work to bring him back.

However, he has given in, gone down, and come home at last. So we will not upbraid him. No, not a single hard word

shall he hear. All's well that ends well, and it is a lovely ending, or rather a new beginning, to see him with tears in his eyes, his heart heaving and his hand twitching to get them round father's and mother's necks once more.

OH, THE JOY OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN! Oh, the bliss of reconciliation! Who can describe the ecstasy of that first embrace—the rapture of realizing that he is forgiven, cleansed, clothed, housed, filled with love, and home once more!

But it is not every Prodigal that has a father and mother to receive him. Alas! how many parents there are who never on earth see the boy or girl again so long pined after, and whose return they have so often anticipated. Down to the grave they travel with weary feet without this comfort, and when the wanderers come back it is to find the old house vacant, or occupied by strangers, and the loved ones, who have wept and prayed so long, lying in the cold, dark cemetery. No merry-making for them, no shoes for their feet, no ring for their finger, no fatted-calf festivities, with music and dancing, to welcome them back again!

But many a Prodigal won by the Salvation Army from the far country never knew a place that he could call home; and many another never had a home that he cured to see again, except to carry there the message of that mercy which, with such healing wings, had come to him.

No, you will hear them say, "I never had a home. The room in which I ate and slept, and learned to swear and drink, was to me as the entrance to hell. It was a passage to a bottomless pit, and about the straightest cut that could be taken to that dreadful abode. No home tempts me back."

But, dear brother or sister, if no father, or mother, or husband, or wife pines for you; if no hospitable door is kept on the latch to admit you, the gates of the Salvation Army stand wide open day and night to welcome your return, so—

1. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE AFFECTION OF THE GOOD AND TRUE IN EVERY LAND; ANYWAY, TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

2. COME HOME TO A WELCOME BACK TO YOUR BROTHER AND SISTER SOLDIERS IN THE RANKS YOU DESERTED. WHY DID YOU LEAVE US?

3. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE HEART OF THE ALMIGHTY. He is continually saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When I was in Canada, a judge of some prominence, presiding at one of the Social meetings, told the following story. "A girl belonging to a good family, was led astray and abandoned in a very heartless manner. The sorrow that overtook her broke her heart and brought her to the gates of death. When the doctor told her there was no hope, a strong craving took possession of her to die in the old home. She appealed to her father by letter, but in vain. At length she resolved to try what personal appeal would do, and presented herself at the door, thinking that he could not refuse to see her, and that, seeing her so ill, he would relent. But she was mistaken. When announced, he simply denied her admission. The servants told him that she was dying, to which he responded that she might die, but she could not die under his roof. That night she did die, for she went to the river and drowned herself." Oh, Prodigal, your Father will not send you away. Come now and knock, and the door shall be opened to you. Him that cometh He will in no wise cast out.

4. HE WILL BE WELCOME TO A HOME INSIDE THE GOLDEN GATES. I was reading of a negro, the other day, who was rejoicing because his Saviour was a carpenter, and, when asked the reason, said He would know how to build him a mansion in the land on high. There can be no question about our Lord's ability to prepare our Heavenly

Home. The mansion will be ready, and none will be more welcome to it than the poor, battered, sin-sodden Prodigal, if he has been washed and sanctified and made obedient through the Blood of the Lamb. He may sing with confidence:

"I have a home above,  
Not made with mortal hands;  
And firm as my Redeemer's love  
The Heavenly fabric stands.  
It stands securely high,  
Unalterably sure;  
That Heavenly mansion in the sky  
Shall evermore endure."

### BRIGADIER AND MRS. PUGMIRE AT ST. JOHN AND CARLETON.

On Thursday the Brigadier was announced to give a lecture on "50,000 miles by land and sea," in the interests of the Self-Denial fund at No. 1. A good crowd assembled, and although the Brigadier had given a lecture the night previous at Moncton on the Social and Spiritual Work of the Army, he had just arrived in the city about an hour before the meeting, weary and tired, yet he spoke for more than an hour of his travels by land and sea, through America, and Canada, carrying the audience completely with him.

Sunday afternoon and night were spent at Carleton Place, backsliders and sinners have a little hard time in the past, the Brigadier found things in good shape, the soldiers in the best of spirits, and his trip by land and sea, which he set was all right. It was quite cheering.

Both afternoon and night good crowds came. At night fresh seats had to be brought in, and the hall was filled to the doors with an exceptionally good, intelligent crowd of Carleton citizens. Mrs. Pugmire assisted, her singing with the Brigadier is always a special feature of the meetings.

The Brigadier appealed both afternoon and night especially to the backsliders, from the words, "Oh, that I were as in days gone by," and

### "Adam, Where Art Thou?"

He brought before them the great number of hiding places backsliders and sinners have to-day, hiding behind their own weakness, their circumstances, etc., etc., showing them the folly of the same in an earnest and plain manner. One backslider returned to the fold.

A minister and a couple of outside Christian friends assisted in the prayer meeting. The Brigadier made an appeal for the winter coat, which was readily responded to, and the Carleton soldiers showed their appreciation of their Provincial Officer's visit—Red Riding Hood.

### GENEROUS SUPPORTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The world-wide operations of the Salvation Army, both spiritual and social, have of late made such an advance and impression on the different countries and islands of the sea where its flag flies, that it has enlisted much of the practical sympathy and support of several influential statesmen, Government officials of high standing, rulers of the latter. It was Australia, only lately that His Excellency Lord Brassey and Lady Brassey, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Lord Stanbury, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Premier of South Australia, Hon. T. G. Jenkins, Premier, G. Reid, M. L. A., and Sir John Madden in the person of the Hon. Mr. Deakin, the Melbourne Town Hall in Sydney, Adelaide and elsewhere, spoke in eulogistic terms and feeling sympathy was expressed of the work done by the Salvation Army; while the Governor of New Zealand opened the Self-Denial sale last year at Christchurch. In South Africa President Kruger, the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, and the Premier, Sir John de Villiers, presided at a Social meeting in Cape Town and liberally supported the effort. President Kruger, of the Transvaal, is a warm friend and helps the work there. On the other side of the world we see President McKinley expressing his appreciation and tending support. In the Argentine Republic, the Argentine Republic, Commander Booth-Tucker promising him help if the Army opened up work in his country. In the Republic of Mexico, the Republic, Governor Magnus Siqueiros, and the President, General Huerta, the Army's Social work, and there are several others, rulers of Governments and empires, are equally sympathetic. In the Argentine Republic, His Excellency Sir West Ridgeway very generously contributed towards the Self-Denial fund last year. The facts lead us to have approval and usefulness of this world-wide organization.—From the Ceylon Independent.

# TIMELY TOPICS

BY  
BRIG. COMPLIN

## No. 1. ORGANIZATION.

"Send England unto Egypt, I must make a man of you,  
So she send old Pharaoh Sergeant What's-a-name."  
—Kipling.

### A Word with a History.

OMDURMAN is henceforth a word with a history, and "KITCHENER OF KEARFOOT" is the lion of the British Empire, because he is the central personality in that history.

Madism is dead!

It lived bigoted, intolerant, arbitrary, capricious, bloody, full of crime, but its career was cut short in a swift, righteous, and its Judgment Day took place when, with gnashing teeth and tremendous rage, it fell lightning furiously defiant beneath the Khalifa's Black Flag.

Thus was performed the last act in a long drama of unpeopled oppression and misery, and the curtain fell on a neatly dotted ten-thousand thick with the white-garmented but crushed devotees of a lost Cause.

### The Value of Organization and Training.

This mighty deliverance was effected by the instrumentality of an army largely made up of Egyptians, who, but a few years ago, would have flinched with fright at the sight of Dervish onslaught, but at Omdurman they faced the fire like veterans, and met the thunderous shock of a Dervish charge, led by the Khalifa himself, without flinching.

This was a great contrast to the day when 500 Dervishes swept down upon 2,000 Egyptian soldiers and exterminated them without the Egyptians daring to strike a blow.

What had made the change? Organization. Discipline. Training. Good leadership. "Sergeant What's-a-name." Kipling writes of, and others, had taken hold of the dispirited, ill-fed, ill-clad, unpaid, unorganized Egyptian army, and re-organized it with the result noted. What has the Salvation Army to learn from this? THE VALUE OF ITS OWN SYSTEM, AND THE NECESSITY OF APPLYING THAT SYSTEM MORE THOROUGHLY, IF GREATER RESULTS ARE TO BE SECURED.

### What Could We not do with Perfect Organization?

Take, for instance, THE COMING ARMY. What wonders might be wrought for the salvation of this Dominion if more of the best and ablest of our Senior Soldiers were drafted into the children's branch to be leaders there!

What an impulse to salvation fighting amongst us, and holy living amongst the PEOPLE! We would be given, were every corps so fully organized its comparatively unemployed strength in the work of War Cry distribution to the public.

And what an immeasurable influence for the creation of a revival atmosphere might be brought upon the people—filling our halls and multiplying penitents at the Mercy Seat—were the WARD SYSTEM OF VISITATION, employing the most spiritually mighty people of the corps visiting from door to door, in full organized operation.

.....

"We Haven't Got the People?" Haven't We?

But someone may object. "We haven't got the right kind of people." Neither had "Sergeant What's-a-name," but he moulded and manoeuvred the material he had, and made a ready army. WE MUST DO THE SAME. We must not look for perfection—that is a heavenly condition. We must AIM AT BECOMING FROM WHAT WE ARE AND HAVE, TOWARDS THE IDEAL OF WHAT WE DESIRE TO BE.

That officer is most successful who makes and keeps in good working operation the most highly-organized corps; not he who himself does most work.

The business world of the present day, and the history of the activities of past ages, fully illustrate and endorse this view, while the Rules and Regulations of the Salvation Army, direct from the pen of its General repeat and emphasize the same fact.

### The Salvation Army Must Save.

Have we a foe to face? Is there a cruel and intolerant enemy preying upon the people of this fair land? Are the little children in danger?

Undoubtedly.  
We Salvationists believe in a personal devil—we have not been fighting the air all these years—and under his black flag, Drink, Greed, Pride, Uncleanliness and a big brood of smaller foes lend the van of a ghastly Army of Destruction and Deception. These, like the Baggara tribe of Dervishes, prey upon the people. To be true to its name this Army of Salvation must go on saving, and if possible with greater precision and complete conquest.

Unorganized and undisciplined we can do but little. Partially organized we can

do much. Why not aim at COMPLETE ORGANIZATION, involving every MAN, WOMAN and CHILD IN OUR RANKS IN SOME PERSONAL, DEFINITE, and DIRECT RESPONSIBILITY?

### Eastern Chancellor at Carleton.

Major Collier visited Carleton for the afternoon and night of Dec. 4th, and a good time we had. In the afternoon we went down on the wharf, where hundreds of people were gathering to go through the Allan Line Steamer and to view the new elevation. After a good open-air we went back and had a tea meeting inside with a nice crowd present. It is a long time since I have seen as good a crowd as we had at night, and we had splendid results, one young man volunteered and shortly after a sister, who had been a soldier some time ago, came back to God. Another good feature of the meeting was that most of the people remained to the prayer meeting, which is quite a new thing here, as they usually go as soon as the invitation song is sung. We hope a revival will soon break out here, and that during the winter numbers shall come to God.—Densmore.

### Weekly Watchword:

## KEEP AT IT.

### Daily Tonic.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength be with each;  
Let not future dreams distract thee,  
Learn thou first what those can teach.

SATURDAY—WHAT DOING NOTHING WILL DO.

Ecclesiastes x. 18.

The greatest and most complete failures are not brought about through mistakes, but through inaction. Want of inspection and repair will raise the most substantial building to the ground. Lack of continual labor and conscientious watching will reduce the soul's brightest experience and opportunity to a minimum.

### SUNDAY—IDLENESS A GREAT WASTE.

Proverbs xvii. 9.

A waste of time—that irremediable, priceless boon, which slips in seconds almost imperceptibly away, and which, when once gone can never return. A waste of talent—those God-given gifts which illumine in greater or lesser degree the minds of all. They were not given for nothing, and they must, in turn, give again. A waste of God's salvation—the tolls of Calvary, the agonies of Gethsemane, are paid at a discount by the living of the life saint.

### MONDAY—SLOTH SPELLS DANGER.

Proverbs xix. 15, vi. 10.

Idleness inevitably induces the soul to sink into a kind of lethargic sleep. When a man goes to sleep and keeps asleep he begins to starve. And the idle wake up when it is too late to feel the unsatisfied pangs of soul hunger and taste the drip of spiritual perdition. The idler man tempts the devil. While his soul is passive to good it is a prey to evil.

### TUESDAY—IDLENESS FOR SAKE OF EASE.

Proverbs xx. 4.

There are all too many who would be tillers of spiritual soil, who let the plough of their service lie idle because of some selfish conviction that because they have in abundance at the tip of their tongue—it is either too hot or too cold to stand in the open-air, or right the night's battle through. But let such remember that though they may escape the toiling, they will miss the reaping, though they may manage to shirk the fighting, God will not reward a sluggard with victory.

### WEDNESDAY—THE CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS.

Proverbs xxiv. 31.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," says the old proverb. If you are too lazy to sow good deeds, the devil will give you a plentiful harvest of evil influences. No wonder that thorns and thistles cover the sluggard's field—the stone wall was broken down, idleness was as assuredly leave your soul defenceless, and exposed to the devil's devices, as it will do away with all the fruitfulness on your field of present opportunity.

### THURSDAY—LEARN FROM THE LESS BUT BUSIER.

Proverbs vi. 6, 7.

The lower creation made the examples of the higher! To what depths will not idleness reduce a man. Yet true it is that while creatures smaller than man's finger fill up the measure of their destined use, man fritters away golden chances, and is left with a soul less by the aid of his mind than the ant does with its instinct.

### FRIDAY—BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It is not every one who professes the name of Christ who looks upon service to God in the light of business. There would be a great deal more good done if they did. Undoubtedly men often perform religious duties as if they were play, offering to God a slipshod hilly-miley service, which they would never so endanger their situation as to offer to their temporal employer. Idleness is the root of this evil. Let your work, your appointment, your service be more binding in religion than anything else.

### SATURDAY—INDUSTRY WINS.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise has its lesson for lazy people. It is generally easier to make a sudden effort than maintain a steady one. But where fleet steps fall, industrious plodding and perseverance carry off the triumph.

**The Salvation Army.**  
Composed for the Wedding of Ethelbert Adams and Capt. Saml. H. Cox.

1. With banners unfurled and with drums loudly beating, let each heart be to  
pray, and with hands trained to fight, Through the wide world. Sp. - for's

Hosts boldly meeting, We march to the fray, for the Kingdom of Right!

Chorus (Sings):  
Sweet singing of Peace through a Year Full Salvation, Lord shouting His  
Praises, where Power makes us strong, To comfort the weary, and

Chorus:  
raise up the fallen, the Salvation Army is marching a-long!

Verse and Chorus by Mrs. Saml. H. Cox.

With banners unfurled, and with drums loudly beating,  
With hearts taught to pray and with hands trained to fight,  
Throughout the wide world Satan's hosts boldly meeting,  
We march to the fray for the Kingdom of Light.

### Chorus.

Sweet singing of peace through a free, full salvation,  
Lord shouting His praises, where Power makes us strong,  
To comfort the weary, and raise up the fallen.  
THE SALVATION ARMY IS MARCHING A-LONG.

We war with the world and its flesh-pleasing revels,  
With hammers of truth, hell's dark strongholds assail;  
Our hot shots are hurled at the legions of devils  
Who snare thoughtless youth with sin's soul-charming tale.

False priests and false prophets anathemas fling,  
Bray loud in the skins of old lions, long dead;  
To all sorts of tophets condemn us, with singing,  
"He laughs best who WINS," as we march on AHEAD!

The Blood-and-Fire Brothers and Bonnetted Sisters,  
Though canting smotherers and scornful blusters,  
Don't waste the KING'S time when some Sabbath saith:  
FRED L. H. SIMS, Temple Corps, Toronto.



## The Bridal Wine-Cup.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the thoughtless young sailor, Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The pretty bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marlon, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the father in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expects it. In your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please ME."

Pouring a brimful cup they held it, with tempting smiles, towards Marlon. She was very pale, though composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling faces, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixated regarding it.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes—"wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen: I will point it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they fill to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! His eyes wild with terror and fever. One mark stands before him—my. I should say, kneels; for see, he is plowing that poor dead upon his breast."

"Oh! the death, the holy-looking brow. Why should death mark it, he is so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name, see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in her faltering grasp, and the father fell overpowered upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays—how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands.

"Dead!" she repeated again, and her lips quivered faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim of this deadly poison. Father!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the father was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: "No, no, my child; no!" She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was smashed in a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve. God helping me, never to touch or taste the poisonous cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve."

His glancing eye, his and sweet smile, were her answer. The father left the room, when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his home.

## WESTERN WINGLETS

BY THE T. S.

The dear Lord is good. Through dangers and difficulties He guides and protects His own. One would be ungrateful not to recognize this when reminded that over the distance of six thousand two hundred and seventy miles He has watched over us, keeping us free from harm, while railway and steamboat accidents have abounded, and while snow, and wind, and rain,

and storm has been rife. His own eye has seen that during the whole tour a single appointment has not had to be broken through a mishap, in fact, not one serious delay has occurred in the six and a half weeks we have been absent from home.

The writer had, in addition to the multitude of interviews and the pile of correspondence which has been set through, spent sixteen nights on the cars and boats, held fifty-one indoor meetings, attended thirty-nine open-air, inspected fifty-four sets of books, and seen eighty seekers kneel at the Saviour's feet for salvation and purity. God be thanked that he feels all the better in body and soul for the fray.

We bid good-bye to Brigadier Howell after Sunday's meetings at Butte, and were joined next day by Staff-Captain Turner, who accompanied us to the Eastern limit of the Pacific Province. It was quite a happy, and, I trust, profitable time we spent together.

At Helena, a man who was asked the question, "Will you get saved to-night?" said, "I would like to, but I cannot. The boss has hit my case off, but I should have to do a great deal more than the man he told about." We had been citing a case of restitution, and pointing out that none could be right with God who were not right with man. What a pity that people allow a few small matters to keep them out of the Kingdom of God. Matters which could with very little difficulty be settled. Are you right

with your fellow-creatures? If you die to-night, are you right with God?

The Helena Rescue Home is a neat, cozy institution, and though small, who can tell what a world of light and blessing it will bring to many whose circumstances are mixed with a great deal more desolation and despair than with cheer and hope. Adj. Walton and her girls are certainly making herculean efforts to bless and serve such.

Had a fine time at Livingston in the Methodist Episcopal Church, kindly loaned for the occasion. God crowned the effort with five precious souls—interesting, too, they were. Everybody seemed to get near the third heaven towards the finish.

We met Adj. and Mrs. Dodd at Billings, en route to Spokane. It was a bitter cold night, but the meeting was bright and must result in good. Here we bid adieu to Staff-Capt. Turner and the remnant of our Pacific comrades.

Major McMillan and Adj. Cass had reached Jamestown a few hours before we landed—time, 5:30 Sunday morning. The night policeman ran us in—to the officers' quarters. A rousing time we had here, with one or more souls in each of the five meetings we held—the building being well filled.

Our last findings went was at Fargo. A typical western crowd thronged the building. It was a good meeting. At 8:30 we very reluctantly had to leave Adj. Cass and Thomas with the officers and soldiers, and a hall still full of people in the midst of a good, red-hot prayer meeting. Major McMillan accompanied us to the east-bound train.

Whatever may be the final result as to the "open door" in the Philippines, about which so much is written and said these days, one thing is certain, both Brigadier Howell and Major McMillan and their forces have a grand "open door" for the Gospel and the Salvation Army among the mighty mass of the "wild boys of the West." God crown them with a mighty sweep of victory and advance during the year now set in.

Just imagine that Mrs. Margetts was on the lookout for her "wandering boy" over ten hours before he arrived, and even then the train being so late, the dear LITTLE folks had to retire and could not see "papa" till morning. But "all's well that ends well."



Nothing to do! Say wilt thou dare,  
With the Judgment Throne in vlow,  
To utter these words of guilt and shame,  
"O God, I had nothing to do!"

She, after such an exhibition of Nat's love as the foot-weary trip from London afforded, could not refuse, so she gave him one of her pretty little smiles and a demure "Yes," in response, and so it came about that while 17 years of age Nat blossomed into a married man, and

Before the Lamb of God, the mended hearts shall stand,  
Reaping the spirits harvest home, in a kingdom not of hands.  
Won from a world below; won to a heaven above;  
Won by the tale of a broken heart; won by a song of love.

Month ending Dec. 1st. 1898.

a friend; Mr. Gabett, \$7; J. S. Williams, 25c.; R. K. Cowan, 50c.; Sheriff Cameron, 50c.; Mr. Hamilton, 50c.; J. S. Pearce, 50c.; C. Graham, 50c.; J. A. Anderson, 50c.; Mrs. Shuff, 50c.; Mrs. Escott, 50c.; Mrs. Hartman, 50c.; S. Wright, 50c.; D. Smith, 50c.; A friend, 50c.; Mrs. Beecher, 50c.; Mrs. Gault, 50c.; Mrs. Strang, 50c.; Messrs. Gauson & Jones, 50c.; Mr. A. Breaton, 50c.; Wm. Wyatt, 50c.; Mrs. G. Anderson, 50c.; Mrs. E. Anderson, 50c.; Mrs. E. Anderson, chickens, kee, etc., also infants' clothing; Mrs. Ken, parcel of clothing, toy coat and child's dress; Mrs. Beattie, purchased from Mrs. E. Anderson; Mrs. Strathbro, books; A friend, per Mrs. Phillips, jar of fruit; J. R. Mitchell, tree, meat; J. Parks, pork; Geo. Morris, man, meat; A. Gilffe, meat; Jas. Johnson, meat; Geo. Jackson, meat; R. Mitchell, tree, meat; O. Cannon, meat; Mr. Smith, meat; Mrs. Gault, meat; Mrs. Hornor, provisions; Mr. Day, vegetables; A friend, pork; Chancey Smith, quince; Walter Thompson, bag of oatmeal; Mrs. Gault, bread; Mrs. Gault, bread; Mrs. John Fawken, buns; Mr. McCormick, bread; Mr. Perrin, biscuits; Market friends, vegetables weekly; George M. Smith, fish; Mrs. Hutchison, cocoa.

**NEW WHATCOME.**—Two more souls in the Fountain, and though under the influence of drink, claimed salvation. We have had a spic-eold soldier's tea, and the Juniors had the first chance at the table. We are hoping to say good-bye to our old hall for a brighter and more central one. Whoever has visited New Whatcome will know what this will mean. Look out for the opening report. Our S. S. are going to take a great part in it. —Arthur Sheard, Cant.

Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,  
Jan. 14, 15, 16 and 17. (Opening of  
new Women's Shelter.)  
St. Albans, Vt., Thurs., Jan. 19.  
Burlington, Vt., Fri., Jan. 20.  
Barre, Vt., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan.  
21, 22, 23.  
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Tues., Jan. 24.  
Newport, Vt., Wed., Jan. 25.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Goldwood, Jan. 6; Uxbridge, Jan. 7, 8; Fenelon Falls, 9, 10; Kinmount, Jan. 11; Norland, Jan. 12; Cobocook, Jan. 13; Lindsay, Jan. 14, 15.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Wheatley, Jan. 6; Leamington, Jan. 7, 8; Kingsville, Jan.

12: Windsor, Jan. 13, 14, 15: Staples, Jan.  
16: Tilbury, Jan 17.

**ENSIGN PERRY.**—Amherst, Jan. 7, 8; Backville, Jan. 9; Moncton, Jan. 10.

**ENSIGN STAIGERS.**—Nelson, B. C., Jan. 6, 7, 8; Kaslo, Jan. 9; London, Jan. 10; Revelstoke, Jan. 11, 12; Kamloops, Jan. 14, 15.



**DUNDAS.**—Converts are coming along beautifully. Praise God victory is ours. Lieut. M. Donaldson, for Capt. M. Mitchell.

**WESLEYVILLE.**—We can shout "Victory!" Target smashed. Eleven souls in the Fountain. The devil rages, but to God be all the glory.—M. A.

**GUELPH.**—Last night two souls left the path of sin, and proved God's power to save to the uttermost. We are in for victory.—L. A. Mathers, Capt.

**MINOT.** N. D.—We are still fighting on with Jesus at our head. Another wanderer returned to his Father's house and received a welcome.—A. Graham, Capt.

**MILLBROOK.**—Sunday afternoon, one young man for salvation. Halleujah! Capt. DeWitt goes on two weeks' furlough. Lieut. O'Neill holds the fort.—H. H.

**BLOOMFIELD.**—Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn for a night's meeting, and had two for salvation, more to follow. We never will give in.—Yours, G. Bull, for Batten.

**VICTORIA.**—Still fighting, also doing our best for Self-Denial. Keep believing in us. Self-Denial over. Reached our target. Are going in for greater victories in the future.—W. G. R. C.

**MONTREAL II.**—We are still marching on to victory. God is helping and blessing us. Self-Denial over. Reached our target. Are going in for greater victories in the future.—W. G. R. C.

**RICHMOND ST.**—Another smash in the devil's ranks. Sunday night, five for salvation. Barracks packed with souls every side of building to accommodate crowd. The Lord is with us.—W.

**HUNTSVILLE.**—We have been having good times. God is in our midst. Sinners are giving away to the strivings of His Spirit. We anticipate a good winter. Week-end meetings good. Three souls for salvation.—W. G. W.

**HOULTON.**—Adj. McLean and Adj. McGee were with us over Sunday. The past week have had souls and three raised their hands for prayer.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

**MOHIDEN.** Man.—Had Staff-Capt. Gage with us for week-end. Good meetings with us for salvation. Two or three more out since then. Our numbers are increasing.—Yours to push the war, Capt. J. Kemm.

**WINDSOR.**—Yesterday snow fell in clouds, the storm raged all day, and owing to that our numbers were smaller than usual. It did not stop the storm-proof invincibles, however, and of course God blessed us all.—Yours, Fred Burton, Capt.

**HALIFAX.**—Praise God. Target of \$200 smashed. Misses Smith, Hains, and Hayward, who have recently taken their stand for God, collected between them \$20. God bless them. We are in for victory.—G. P. T.

**BARRE.**—During past week two souls have got beautifully saved. The spirit of God is with us, and the hearts of the people. The platform had got too small, so we made it larger. Twenty at knee-drill. Crowds good. We are believing for greater victories.—Zachary.

**ELLENHIM.**—Adj. Hughes with us for week-end. Beautiful meetings, crowds, and finances greatly increased. Sunday night a powerful time. The Christmas Cry excels any previous number. It is a credit to our army. Success to Illinois Groom, R. C.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—Just spent a week-end here. Crowd excellent. Service took place. Hall packed. Graphophone service fully enjoyed. Finances away up. Corps in fair condition. God bless Capt. Hurst and his Lieutenant. They know how to make you feel welcome.—W. Cummins, P.

**ST. JOHNSBURG.**—We are thankful for victory in S.-D. In the absence of Lieut. Young we were assisted by Sister Perrett, a sister of Mrs. Brigadier Bennett, also a returned sinner. We are all saved and happy. Had a visit from Capt. Downey. Grand time. We delight in the Salvation war.—Sunshine.

**FREDERICTON.**—On Wednesday night we had a colored minister, also Cadet Dunkin farwelled. Garrison in full swing under Adj. McLean. Glorious times. One Backslider returned.—Yours to push the war, Cadet Kenneth C. Doncombe.

**ST. THOMAS.**—A visit from Staff-Capt. Phillips. Had a good day, one soul saved, also two more Sunday night. All War Cry sold out. Soldiers going in for more of God. Everything booming.—H. Freeman.

**FREDERICTON.**—We are still hustling along, and are in for victory. Have had some real good meetings of late, and backsliders have been returning home. Self-Denial a victory, smashed our target.—Yours in the war, Cadet Smith.

**MINNEBODA.** Man.—We are looking up. One soul in the Fountain this week, making three since we have been here. S.-D. target all smashed to pieces. Crowds increasing each meeting. We are looking for a wonderful manifestation of God's saving power soon.—S. S.

**HALIFAX I.**—Ensign and Mrs. Miller, of the Salvation Harbor Food and Shelter, farwelled on Sunday night for Charlottetown corps. They follow Adj. Creighton, who comes to the Harbor. May the Lord bless them. Two souls since last report.—Treas. Cuslin.

**OMMEME.**—Good meetings. On Sunday a brother walked in seven miles to make his peace with God. We also had with us on Monday Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins, from Lindsay, also Bro. Parkins. We enjoyed their visit very much. Halleujah!—Reg. Cor.

Hard fight at night. One man in school (teacher) started for home, was captured by a week-old convert, brought back to the penitentiary form, got gloriously saved. Closed at 11:20 p.m. happy.—W. Cummins.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—Major McMillan with us for Sunday. Two souls in the Fountain. Ensign Cummins, with luggage, for a meeting. Large crowd in attendance. God is giving us the victory here and we are believing for greater times in the future.—Yours in the war, Amiasius Rosaine, R. C.

**HOULTON.**—We are glad to say there is a shaking among the dry bones here. Souls are getting saved and our soldiers are getting on the whole armor of God. The past week we have had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire, also Adj. Magee and his brother from Woodstock. Three souls came to the Cross.—Emily White, C. C.

**BLOOMFIELD.**—We are on the upgrade. Brigadier Bennett with us on Friday night. Had a large crowd. Officers were cheered, soldiers encouraged. Brigadier's address was much appreciated by all, and we believe that great good was done. God bless the Brigadier, come again.—We to follow all the way, Father Bull.

**LONDON.**—God has set His seal upon the meetings during the past week, and helped us to do something for eternity. Three wanderers have come home, also two have laid their all on the altar. A Junior has offered himself as a Corps Cadet, and two soldiers have joined hands for life. More to follow.—Adj. T. Coombs.



THE NEW BARRACKS AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Recently opened by Colonel Jacobs.

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.**—At the close of another week we are rejoicing over four souls in the Fountain. Twenty-two at knee-drill Sunday morning. Had a blessed time. Marches are good. Band doing well. Soldiers on fire. Devil mad. God glorified, and altogether the Army is on the move. Halleujah!—"Shorty."

**PRINCE ALBERT.**—The rock has been moved and we praise God that we have reached our S.-D. target of \$100. We have had a visit from Major McMillan, which was greatly enjoyed. One backslider came back to the fold. We are praying and believing for more. Halleujah!—Yours in the war, F. N.

**HILLSBORO.** N. D.—We are still marching on and doing our best to break the devil's ranks. God is on our side, and has been convicting men and women of sin. Monday night Adj. Thomas with us. Her visit was appreciated by all. Two backsliders came home.—S. Glover, Lieut.

**MOOSOMINI.** N. W. T.—Lantern service enjoyed by all. Sunday's meetings good.

did well and deserve credit for the way each of them took hold, nearly all of them raising their targets. The Orange band, which has been so friendly in the past, came to our assistance with a \$5 donation. The bandmaster doing the collecting. God bless the band, and \$5 is not bad for Capt. and Mrs. Bowring, C. O's.

**PARO.** N. D.—We are still marching on and having victories. S.-D. has come and we did not collect as much as we would like to, or as much as we expected, but we feel that we did our best, and the Lord will reward us for the same. We also had a Junior's Jubilee, the children did their parts beautifully. We are now preparing for a Christmas entertainment, and we are believing for a good time.—Yours in the war, Sergt. Major Brander.

**TEMPLE.**—Good meetings all day at the Temple Sunday. Crowds somewhat better. Large crowd in the afternoon. At night the Jubilee Hall was filled, and best of all, four seekers at the Mercy Seat. The Adjutant along with the soldiers, still good after the backsliders, and as a result, two or three of the above four were backsliders. Junior and Band of Love work prospering well under the able leadership of Ensign Turpin.—Reg. Cor.

**GAMBO.** Nfld.—The Lord has given us the victory here. It was a hard pull at first, but the devil has been defeated and seventeen prisoners captured since the opening. Sunday will be a day long to be remembered. We had our first open-air and enrolment of recruits in the afternoon. Captain Clark farwelled for Canada at night. We closed with two more precious souls claiming the victory. Gambo is all right.—Yours to win, Lieut. E. B.

**DEVIL'S LAKE.** N. D.—For a long time the lighting in this place has been hard and up-hill work, but all things come to those who wait upon him patiently, and victory often comes in the darkest hour. This is so here. The break came a week ago. Eleven souls delivered from sin. The officers and soldiers are redoubled in prayer and believing for more to follow.—Yours believing, Mrs. Wallace, for Ensign and Capt. Green.

**HELENA.** Mont.—Glorious meetings all day Sunday. Large crowd, both indoors and out. One soul in the afternoon. Since the present officers have taken charge we have seen some eighteen souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat and trying to God for pardon. Not only this, but the corps has been strengthened and built up. The close of which two young men came forward boldly and gave their hearts to God. Victory is our battle cry.—Yours for Christ, V. Lister, Ensign.

**ROSSLAND.** B. C.—On Saturday night the arrival of Capt. Fisher in our midst gave us great joy. Crowded house, good meeting, same all day Sunday. Monday our comrades, Capt. Arnold and Lieut. Brown, from Trail, paid us a visit. A musical meeting was announced, which was very interesting and well appreciated. The baby band, consisting of eleven members, being to the front. Tuesday night, salvation meeting. The close of which two young men came forward boldly and gave their hearts to God. Victory is our battle cry.—Yours for Christ, V. Lister, Ensign.

ONE HOME.

**TWILLINGATE.**—Bro. Joseph Gillard was only sick a few days, but from the first of this sickness he was in bed, and would not get better. The last time Capt. Sparks visited him he gave a clear testimony. On Wednesday morning Captain Lister, the pastor, and the people before he got here, his spirit had left the temple of life. Friday afternoon we laid his body in the grave. God spoke to the close of which two young men came forward boldly and gave their hearts to God. Victory is our battle cry.—Yours for Christ, V. Lister, Ensign.

**FARGO.** N. D.—One soul Monday night. Lieut. Colonel Margets, Major McMillan, Adj. Cass and Adj. Thomas here Tuesday night. Beautiful meeting. Lieut. Culone's address was much enjoyed, had to leave before the prayer meeting to catch his train. Adj. Thomas and Cass took hold, and after a hard battle two souls sought salvation.—Yours to win, M. H. Stables, R. C.

**GLACE BAY.** C. B.—We have had a good finish to our Self-Denial. God has given us the victory, and the soldiers and friends here by giving us souls which seemed to crown the victory won financially. Although work in the pit has been closed down for some time, yet we reached our target of \$100. The soldiers



# Obadiah's Observations.

Dear Husslers,—

The Editor gave that other elap that signed himself Harry Huxter the G. B. a crack and a rite a few of his vashuns from time to time. Now, I'm no litterer my, howsoever, I often does feel as I want to have some say in this here hustling column for I think it is a very exciting reading.

Now, I will divide my brief eloquent remarks into six parts, as I can pitch in I have, dear reader, a pretty powerful imaginashun, an' I follow after in my mind most anything in a komical or pathetique manner. For example, when I see the pisher where Mr. Southall falls from that there Arab of a beast, I see already in my mind how he that humblish himself shall be xaulted again. Now, I enclose 2 sketches for your artwite to paint up. The first one shows, what has come (too of my professy, the dark night has settled down upon the gent who rode Nigger so frisky, and now his very breath is being squeeze out of 'im. My 2 hustlers is very grandiloquent.

2. I want to say, that I believe in keeping humbel. This remark is not only true, but the gent that rode a pretty peck, but for all that need my observashuns. Here comes in sketch number 2. I see, as it were, by faith how Mr. Gaskin is going on his Nigger again, and comes galloping down the lane in search of the man who bate him. Now, Mr. don't be vindictive, you are only four arier than other 'nights, yet your eyes look blood-thirsty!

3. Mr. Dennett, the squire that owns芒芒, is coming home, and he fine horse he got: steady, but wants a trifle more training. This observashun is upon Mr. Pug-bug, who I would like to give a little gentle hint in the rih with a fenelope, and say, "Gh a wiggle on." A fine looking gentleman he is, but so careless to let his dignified horse be bated. If I was him I would preserve my prestilish more careful.

4. There are some other gentlemen, no offence to them, who seem to my humblish opinion rather to Indifferent to the vital issues of this here column, and who do not, properly estimate the moral value of these observashuns. Will these gentlemen remember that my fieldglass can look a very long way, and show up better near home.

I wish you all happiness in the New Year, and keep a-hustling.

Your obedient servant,  
OBADIAH OLDHAM.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

32 Husslers.

MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	23
CAPT. HELLMAN, London	189
CAND. COUCH, Stratford	190
ENSIGN GAMBLE, Petrolia	190
ENSIGN COLLETT, Bramford	190
LIEUT. HOOKIN, Brantford	142
SERGT.-MAJOR MRS. ROCK, Chatham	130
LIEUT. PICKLE, Wallaceburg	196
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	86
Capt. Haley, Essex	85
Lieut. Jobkinson, Amherstburg	85
Cand. Curley, Ridgeway	73
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	73
Sergt. Gertie Yeomans, Chatham	78
Capt. Foy, Paris, Kent	70
Ensign Scott, Galt	70
Capt. Cockerill, Forest	70
Capt. Foy, Paris, Kent	70
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	65
Sister Knackus, Goderich	65
Capt. Hollett, Stratford	65
Lieut. Carr, Goderich	65
Capt. Bragg, Wyoming	60
Sergt. Robinson, Tilsonburg	60
Ensign McHugh, Tilsonburg	60
Lieut. Beach, Senfouth	57
Lieut. Burrows, Guelph	53
Capt. Gilson, Brantford	50
Capt. Hamilton, Galt	50
Sergt. Broadwell, Kingsville	50
Sister Bond, Wingham	50
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	50
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	46
Capt. Birt, Ingersoll	46
Lieut. Coombs, London	45
Sister Fritchley, Listowel	45
Sister Hampton, London	45
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	45
Sergt. Love, Senfouth	40
Capt. Crawford, Leamington	40
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	40
Sergt. Mary Allen, Mitchell	40
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	40
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	40
Capt. Carr, Senfouth	40
Capt. McDonald, Tilsonburg	40
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	40
Capt. Barker, Goderich	38
Lieut. Winter, Bayfield	38
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	38

Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall

Lieut. Butler, Brockville	80
Lieut. Booklets, Renfrew	77
Capt. Williams, Kingston	70
Capt. Michie, Montreal	70
Capt. Banks, Quebec	60
Capt. Greene, Tweed	60
Capt. Downey, Burlington	60
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	50
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Pictou	50
Lieut. Woods, Nanapanee	50
Lieut. Dawson, Kempsville	50
Capt. Jones, Burlington	50
Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	50
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	50
Lieut. Wilson, Morrisburg	50
Lieut. Carter, Prescott	50
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	50
Capt. Hill, Port Hope	50
Lieut. Bacon, Port Hope	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Lieut. Newell, Prescott	50
Capt. Bearechell, Trenton	50
Capt. Norman, Nanapanee	50
Lieut. Bleeth, Morrisburg	50
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	42
Lieut. Dawson, Kempsville	40
Capt. DeWitts, Millbrook	40
Capt. Ludlow, Coaticook	40
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	40
Capt. Vance, Perth	40
Capt. Patton, Newport	40
Lieut. Burtch, Newport	40
Sister, Burtch, Newport	40
Capt. LaLonde, Montreal	38
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	38
Ensign Stalger, Perth	38
Lieut. Randall, Arnprior	38
Lieut. Latimer, Cornwall	38
Capt. Moxon, Kempsville	30
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	30
Capt. Findlay, Brighton	30

The Dark (Knight Settled Down upon G—

Lieut. Owens, Cobourg	30
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal	29
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	29
Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	29
Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall	29
Capt. Stanford, Trenton	29
Capt. Batten, Bloomfield	29
Capt. Grose, Peareton	29
Sister McNabb, Kingston	29
Sister Crozier, Montreal	29
Mrs. Logie, Montreal	29
Star-Capt. Burditt, Montreal	29
Capt. Tracey, Barre, Vt.	29
Lieut. Way, Bloomfield	29
Lieut. Tuck, Coaticook	29
Capt. Crego, Sarnaby	29
Star-Capt. Duquet, Trenton	29
Liddle Phelps, Pictou	29
Lieut. Harems, Burlington, Vt.	29
Mrs. Barber, Burlington, Vt.	29
Ensign Yerec, Montreal III.	29
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	29

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

43 Husslers.

CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlottetown	219
SISTER M. SMITH, Windsor	187
CAPT. C. ALLEN, Westville	183
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	115
SERGT.-MAJOR VENO, Halifax II.	110
Lieut. Brown, Summerside	96
Capt. Bowring, Glace Bay	90
Capt. A. Hurr, Essex	82
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	82
Bro. C. Wansham, Charlottetown	82
Capt. Bowring, Glace Bay	82
Sister S. Holden, Windsor	73
Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	68
Capt. J. Green, Yarmouth	60
Sergt.-Major Chandler, St. John III.	59
Sister E. White, Moulton	56
M. Harding, Yarmouth	55
Sister Currie, Woodstock	51
Sister Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	51
Lieut. Selig, Carleton	50
Lieut. Selig, Carleton	50
Sergt. Morrison, Glace Bay	42
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	41
Cadet Sharpes, Fredericton	40
Sister B. Lyons, Fredericton	40
Capt. Coelen, Windsor	35
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	35
Cand. S. Levens, Fredericton	31
Sergt. J. Moore, Halifax I.	30

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Husslers.

LIEUT. MOORE, Roseland	150
LIEUT. MAIR, Bellingham	114
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	110
ENSIGN HAY, Livingston	105
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	90
Sister, Bellingham, Vancouver	89
Capt. Meredith, Vancouver	89
Capt. Bailey, Killepelt	86
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	80
Sister, Bellingham, Vancouver	78
Cadet E. Ellison, Westminster	62
Cadet Long, Lewiston	60
Capt. Arnel, Lewiston	50
Capt. Mortimer, Victoria	34
Capt. Arnold, Trail	23

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

3 Husslers.

Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns II.	27
Julia Linton, St. Johns II.	20
Elme Greening, St. Johns II.	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Husslers.

Sister Pearce, Temple	88
Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St.	70
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	65
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	65
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	60
Ensign Attwell, Barrie	56
Capt. Crozier, Orillia	54
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	54
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	51
Capt. Stevens, Orillia	51
Capt. Major, Orillia	51
Capt. Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	51
Sister Currell, Temple	50
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	50
Capt. A. Stickle, Ligar St.	50
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Capt. Chink, Collingwood	50
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Capt. M. Mainland, Hamilton II.	50
Lieut. Cooper, St. Catharines	48
Capt. White, Huntsville	45
Adjt. W. Howden, Parry Sound	45
Capt. A. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. A. Bond, Sudbury	45
Bro. Dixon, Temple	42
Capt. Symonds, Lippincott St.	41
Capt. Stickle, Riverside	40
Lieut. Wadge, Brampton	40
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	40
Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines	38
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	38



Gaskin in Search of Southall.

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

24 Husslers.

Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	91
Cadet Curtis, Winnipeg	77
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	70
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	68
Sister B. Chapman, Winnipeg	60
Lieut. Clark, Minn.	50
Sister A. McNabb, Portage la Prairie	46
Capt. Pearce, Moose Jaw	41
Capt. Smith, Moosemin	40
Capt. Pattenden, Fargo	35
Cadet Halkirk, Port Portage	31
Cadet Hand, Rat Portage	30
Capt. Silverts, Minnedosa	30
Mrs. Capt. O'Neill, Oakes	28
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Capt. J. Halkirk, Portage la Prairie	25
Lieut. Hangan, Moosemin	25
Sister B. Chapman, Portage la Prairie	25
Cadet H. Jones, Rat Portage	25
Lieut. Busson, Moose Jaw	22
Capt. O'Neill, Oakes	21
Capt. Orth, Portage la Prairie	21
Mrs. Adjt. Galt, Rat Portage	20

Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	25
Chas. W. White, Oakville	25
Lieut. Dules, Oshawa	25
Capt. S. Tinney, Aurora	25
Lieut. Huskinson, Mendford	24
Capt. Rennie, Mendford	24
Sister McQuay, Temple	23
Cadet Kempie, Lippincott	22
Lieut. J. Marshall, Omemee	21
Mrs. W. Son, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Russell, Orangeville	20
Lieut. G. Liska, Yorkville	20
Capt. J. Bickley, Ligar St.	20
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket	20
Capt. J. Howcraft, Parry Sound	20
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	20
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket	20
Capt. H. Hanna, Brampton	20
Cadet Hart, Lippincott	20
Capt. W. Bickley, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Midland	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Sister G. McQuin, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. T. Poyser, Oakville	20
Capt. Hart, Riverside	20
Sergt.-Major Bradley, Temple	20
Bro. Young, Temple	20
Capt. T. Poyser, Oakville	20
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville	20
Cadet Hunter, Richmond St.	20
Lieut. Edwards, Chesley	20
Lieut. Bone, Uxbridge	20
Lieut. Liddard, Gravenhurst	20
Bro. Gray, Midland	20
Capt. T. Poyser, Oakville	20
Bro. G. Danton, Hamilton I.	20
Cadet Killy, Richmond St.	20
Brother Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Boulton, Temple	20

Bro. W. Stevens, Riverside .....	20
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott .....	20
Cadet Smith, Lippincott .....	20
Capt. J. A. Wilkman, Brooklyn .....	20
Mrs. Howard, Collingswood .....	20
Serge. Wm. Thompson, Sudbury .....	20
Sister Keefer, Newark .....	20
Sister Simpson, Yorkville .....	20
Capt. B. Barrow, Oshawa .....	20
Leat, Young, Oakville .....	20
Mrs. Hall, St. Catharines .....	20

## Cleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

### Sympathy.

With sincere sympathy for our faithful comrade Adjt. James Adams of the Tenth Dept., we hear of the death of his brother, William Adams, who died on August 26th, of dysentery, in the Klondike, but word of his decease was only received recently. William Adams was formerly in business in Nelson, B. C., and only left last April for the Arctic goldfields, where he met so unexpected a death. He was well-known to many Salvationists.

### Our Quarterly Letter.

On the second of the Light Brigade's own paper has recently been issued by the Financial Department. We note that the total raised in the G. B. M. boxes for the quarter ending September, amounts to \$92.42, which is about on a level with the preceding quarter. The highest amounts returned, from any one corps are as follows: Grace Day, C. B., \$40.50; Winnipeg, Man., \$30.75; Moose Jaw, \$21.57; Charlottetown, P. E. I., \$21.

### For Nine Years.

"As my yearly subscription expires on this day, I beg to say you my money for another year. I think this is the ninth year that I have taken the War Cry; this will show you that I am not out of the picture, but I let it more than ever. May God bless you all at Headquarters.—John M., New Haven."

### Big Time at Woodstock, N.B.

On account of the early date we went to Woodstock, N.B., on the 10th inst. The following telegram from Adjt. Mudge came too late to be published here: "Great enthusiasm manifested during the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Fugate. Major Hay presided at public gathering. Touching reference was made by the chairman to the Field Commissioner's stum experience. Nay, many citizens, officers and friends invite Miss Booth to visit Woodstock.—Adjt. Magee."

### Salvationists Win a Saloon-Keeper

Chills Them Into His Saloon, and the Crowd Joins in the Songs and the Amen.

TRENTON, Dec. 8.—A Salvation Army band last night marched down Broad St. When they reached Mulryne's Casino, a policeman told them to disperse. Mr. Mulryne, the proprietor, hearing the disturbance, went outside and offered his hall. The Salvationists eagerly accepted the invitation, and filed into the crowded saloon.

They mounted the platform and began to sing and pray. A number of those in the bar joined in the songs. While the demure Salvation Army ladies sang, men howl their heads.

All the War Crys offered were sold. Some for \$5 apiece. Nearly \$50 was realized in a brief time.

In concluding the exercises the Army men and women on behalf knelt prayed for the distribution of the money to the proprietor Mulryne and all present. Mulryne made every man in the place stand with uncovered and bowed heads, and at the end an amen was uttered in which all heartily joined.

All the Salvationists filed out of the saloon. Mr. Mulryne said they were at their disposal any time, and the Captain of the band said they would be glad to call again. Several frequenters of the place followed the Salvationists to their army and promised to lead a better life.—From the N. Y. World.

Yesterday is yours no longer, to-morrow may be never yours; but to-day is yours, the living present yours, and in the living present you may stretch forth to the things that are before.—P. W. Farrar.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling

OLD COUNTRY.

we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steam Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to LARSEN BROTHERS, 4 Temple, Toronto.



(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER V.

After Will's midnight arrest he was taken to Lindsay, brought before the magistrate, charged with stealing, found guilty, and sentenced to three months hard labor. He was now hardened and reckless, and thought he might just as well be in jail as out. But three months soon rolled by; Will was once more free, though branded a criminal.

The next offence that he was brought before the judge for was robbing a fruit store. He was again found guilty and sentenced to six months hard labor. The food being worse, the labor harder, and the confinement closer, Will broke down in health after a time. He was sent to the twine shop, where the work is much lighter. When there he became a general favorite with the guards and fellow-prisoners, and was ever ready and willing to assist them when circumstances would permit. On one occasion, one of the convicts managed to elude the vigilance of the authorities and escaped, with the result that all the other convicts were locked in their cells for two days, getting out only for their meals.

One scene he witnessed is photographed on Will's mind for ever. One of the prisoners had been guilty of some offence and was therefore brought out and flogged. The poor fellow's shrieks and cries were awful to hear, and the sound of his heart-rending pleadings for mercy ring in Will's ears even now. This scene terrified Will so much that he never dared again to steal, whatever else he might do. The day of freedom seemed so long coming. This time Will was home sick, so when he at last was free he was wrecked in health, sick at heart, and tired of life. What was he to do?

He tramped to Cooksville, found light employment, and got on very well. His health was soon restored. While here a change of 1898 was left to him. He was a cheerful "chisel," and the remainder of the winter he was in the city, and went in drink for three days later, when totalling up his cash, he mustered the magnificent sum of five cents.

One night Will was riding along without a light and about half drunk, when he heard a buggy coming along behind him. The driver, who was a well-to-do man, saw his horse and soon caught up to him, calling out, "Get out of the way!" Will replied, "If you want to pass you must get out of the way." The driver then whipped his whip again upon the horse, whereupon it leaped forward, nearly knocking Will over. He got on top speed and the driver, going round the bend, whipped down grade, quickly left the buggy behind. But, lo! suddenly the chain of the buggy snapped, and Will was thrown violently to the ground. The buggy was coming along at a furious rate, but when nearly on the top of him the horse shied, and plunging into the ditch, overturned the buggy and Will was saved. This was another warning, but, alas! like others, and little effect, as he felt that he was in a situation as bad as he was the result of this bicycle accident, which left Will a sadder if not a wiser man.

### CHAPTER VI.

Upon his recovery from the accident, Will considered that he had stayed long enough in that town. As the bar-room of a hotel had a peculiar fascination for him, he thought that if he could not get a situation as a man, he would have both the fun and the beer, and be paid

as well for it. Under an assumed name he obtained a situation and commenced his duties, handing out the devilish poison for bottles and soups to the poor dupes of sin and sorrow. Will poured a deal too much liquor down his own throat to perform his duties satisfactorily to his employer, with the result that at the expiration of his first month he had to leave. Will returned to Toronto, and for some time knocked around the city drinking and pool-playing until he got tired and thought New York would suit him better. To New York he went, becoming an agent for books, collected the sweat-stained Will's somewhat hurried departure after a stay of three months in that city. He returned to Toronto and went into the pool-playing business again. This he found to be much easier than working, and besides he could get plenty of liquor on the cheap.

One day he was "down on his luck." No one would play with him, he was too well known. He went for a walk around the city, and while passing the Belmont Arms, he thought he thought he would go in and have a look round, and see what they were doing. Then, out of fun he went up to the Captain and asked if he would give him a drink, never expecting for an instant that the Captain would take his request seriously. However, the officer's heart was filled with pity when he saw this young fellow's condition, he gave him ten cents, wrote a letter and sent him over to see (the war).

In conversation the story of a sin-sick heart was revealed, and being spoken to about his soul's condition, and the imminent danger he was in, he wept his tears to his eyes. Will said, if he only knew a way of quitting the past and getting away from his old associates and the haunts of sin, which he frequented, he would long to live a new life. That day Will was sent to the Social Farm, and if ever a man made up his mind to turn over a new leaf, Will did. He did his best to please the officers and worked hard.

After two months, during which time the Spirit of God strove hard with him, and the goodly lives of the officers had made a deep impression on his mind, Will one night, yielded to the penitent cry, cried for mercy, and got converted. Of course the devil did not let him alone. He hurried and tempted and tried Will very sorely, but then, in a moment of weakness, he backslid. He left the farm, but a few days later returned for admision, and was taken again. This occurred three times, so strong was the temptation that swept in upon the poor fellow. The last time he came back to the farm he went to the penitent form in the soldiers' meeting, evidently was properly converted, for he has been doing well ever since. His testimony to-day is: Thank God for His love and mercy. I am to-day loving and serving him, and mean to do so until I die.

The last time I saw him it was a wet and stormy afternoon, therefore it was quite a relief to step into the cosy farm house, and see him doing his duty, and rejoicing in victory over the devil. Reader, are you saved? If not, the same God who forgave poor Whindermurph once will forgive you, if you will save you, if you will seek Him. If you are converted, what are you doing to save such as the subject of this story?

(THE END.)

## THE TWO WAYS.

John Murker, an original Scotch preacher of Banff, had a favorite sermon upon Job xiv. 10, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" This is the divinity:

I.  
A good man goes where he desires to go.  
A good man goes where he labored hard to go.  
A good man goes where he had no right to go.

II.  
A bad man goes where he deserves to go.  
A bad man goes where he labored hard to go.  
A bad man goes where he did not intend to go.  
A bad man goes where he will be for ever.

### First Insertion.

225. ROBERT BAILY, or ROBERT BAILY CRAIG. Left Lucknow, Ont., about 17 years ago, last heard of in Marienette, Wis. U. S. A. Worked at blacksmithing there. May have gone to North Carolina, or Winnipeg.

226. JOHN OLIVER. Age 60, about 5 ft. high. Was captain of a sailing vessel. Last heard of in Pictou. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

227. ARTHUR A. LEAKER. Last heard of in 1885, when his address was care Mrs. Maynard, 762 Palace St., Montreal. Was working as a manager for a Mr. Durd of a firm of Brewers of Loy Ale and Stone Grain Beer Co. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

228. GEORGE HERBERT MORRIS. Last heard of in Winnipeg nine months ago. Address care Mrs. Isabella Street. Father anxiously inquires.

229. JAMES MCRAW. About 5 ft. 8 in. in height, blue eyes, grey beard and stout. Was a Salvation Soldier. Last heard of in 1887. Address Enquiry by Ward King & Sons, Granges, St. Poudry, Montreal. Address Enquiry Toronto.

230. JAMES JOHN NEWLAND. Age 26, brown hair, hazel eyes. Last heard of in 1887. Address Enquiry in Prairie, Address Enquiry, Toronto.

231. JOHN PRICE. About 5 ft. 8 in. in height, auburn hair (possibly grey now), hazel eyes, fair complexion. Last heard of in Toronto in 1887, where he was a wholesale meat and butcher. Any information thankfully received. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

232. GEORGE STACEY. Last heard of in April, 1897. Occupation, farmer; height 5 ft. 5 in.; fair moustache; age about 27; born in England. Mother inquires anxiously. Address Enquiry, Toronto, or Mrs. Nellie Stacey, Fullerton, Ont.

233. LEWIS SHATTOCK. Age 27, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair and eyes, stammers badly. Last known address was Donna Lake, Ontario. Address Enquiry by Ward King & Sons, Granges, St. Poudry, Montreal. A laith render, by trade. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

234. WILLIAM SMITH. Age 45, dark, red mark on back of his neck. Last home 27 years ago. Last heard of four years ago. Address was Daniel William Smith, 25 Mills House, Clinton, N. Y. Father anxiously inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

235. WALTER TASKER. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, has a peculiar rocking motion in walking. Last heard of at end, left his wife and child at the mercy of the world eight years ago. Last heard of in Montreal.

236. VALTER VIFOND. Age 28, 5 ft. 6 in. high, dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Last heard of in April, 1897. His address then was Glove, Quebec. No longer known. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

237. MRS. J. WHITEFIELD. Last known address was Vine Cottage, Merion Road, Toronto. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

238. HENRY JOHN WILLIAMS. He is a widower with no family, about 35 years of age, fair, thick set, blue eyes, eyes in face below nose, thin lips. 1887, was 15 Regent St., Toronto. Supposed to have been in mission work in Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

239. GEORGE SWINARD WARD. Age 31, fair hair, England, about the year 1880. When last heard of was living in the vicinity of Orillia, Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

240. JABEZ WILLIAM COLE. Was at one time in the navy. Supposed to be in Nova Scotia. Has not been heard from for four years.

241. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATY. Last heard of ten years ago in San Francisco. Age 35, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Lislehall, Ireland. Address Enquiry, Toronto, or Miss Jennie Houston, 25 Carlton St., Toronto.

242. JOHN BOLISTER. Age 26, height 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last known address was D. M. N. Kengle, Niagara Station, Kings County, Quebec. Supposed to have been in mission work in Poland.

243. ALBERT JOHN WINDYTANK, or STEELE. Left England in 1855. Last heard of in Toronto five years ago. Supposed to have been a Salvation Soldier. Age about 35, height 5 ft. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

244. MRS. ANNIE FISHER. Wife of Edward Fisher. Last heard of about a year ago in Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto. Any information address Enquiry, Toronto.

## Second Insertion.

8220. BOSTON, THOMAS. Age about 22, last address, c.o. Mr. Wm. Stewart, Welland P. O., Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8221. BERRY MRS. (nee McEvoy). Came to Canada in 1870. Had two daughters, Mary and Martha. Last known to be living in New London, Ont. Friend enquiring. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8222. BENNETT, JAMES. Age about 80. Wheelwright by trade; in business for himself. May be dead. Friends in England seek information. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8223. CAMPBELL, JAMES ANDERSON. Age 28, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair hair, blue eyes, was a fireman. Supposed to be in Nova Scotia. Wife making enquiries. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8224. CLOW, or CLARK, JOHN A. Age 16, fair complexion, freckled, light hair, light blue eyes, scar under left jaw from abscess, scar on back of right hand. Was in Kingston three years ago, then went out in direction of Sherbrooke Lake. Mother anxious. Address Mrs. Peter Clark, c.o. Mr. John Reeves, King St., Kingston, Ont., or Enquiry, Toronto.

8225. COUGHLIN, THOMAS. Supposed to be or have been a Police Commissioner in Canada. Present whereabouts desired, as good news awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8226. HUBBERT, HENRY. Age 23, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, last address (three years ago) 1001 St. Joseph's Station, Montreal, Que. Was a farm laborer, emigrated from England. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8227. HURMES, ARTHUR. Age about 23. Was cook at the Lighthouse, Montreal. Last known address 281 Victoria St., Toronto, and was then working on P. R. in light hair, fair complexion. Once lived in Ottawa. Father anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8228. JONES, MRS. MARY or POLLY. Complexion dark. Last address 28 Centre Ave., Toronto. Not heard of since 1892. Friends in England anxious for information. Husband a printer and had very bad health. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8229. KRUMAGAH (nee Bosse) MRS. Rose. Age 43, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, dark eyes. Left England for Canada 11 years ago and has not been heard of since. Her husband was a baker by trade.

8230. LARK, WALTER. Age about 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., light hair, fair complexion. Once lived in Ottawa. Father anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8231. LITTLE, PETER. Last heard of at Minot, N. D. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, troubled with asthma, blacksmith by trade. Brother anxious to hear from him. Address George Thomas Little, Petrol P. O., Manitoba. American Cross please copy.

8232. MCCULLOCH, JOHN. Age 61. Native of Co. Antrim, Ireland. Height 5 ft. 5 in., dark complexion. Left Ireland for New York 40 years ago. Was last heard of 35 years ago, in Upper Canada, a Gardner by profession. Brother James enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8240. MCGUINIS, JOE and JAMES. Supposed to be in North Dakota. Brother wishes to hear from them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

8241. MORRIS, SAMUEL ROBERT JOHN. Age 41. Left England 25 years ago for last heard of in New Zealand. Mother enquires. Address Mrs. Archer, Milton, Otago, New Zealand, or Enquiry, Toronto.

## IMPORTANT!

## HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:-

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, or  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:-

CREDITORS, or  
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service his knowledge and experience of a competent officer.  
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Slesinger, 8 A Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST  
I would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable loans with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from Major Slesinger, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



## Let Us All Sing.

## Turn to the Lord.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77).

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,  
Christ has suffered on the tree;  
Streams of mercy are abounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free.  
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain,  
Metage find in Him to-day;  
Christ invites you to the Fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away;  
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever  
From the Saviour's wounded side;  
None need perish, all may live, for Christ has died.

Christ alone shall see our portion,  
Soon we hope to meet above;  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love;  
All His faithless we shall then forever prove.

## A Favorite.

The night was dark and stormy and  
the wind was howling wild,  
When an aged mother gazed upon the  
portrait of her child;  
She gazed on the baby features that had  
once filled her heart with joy,  
He was now o'er the world roaming,  
The mother long-laid boy.

## Chorus.

Your mother still prays for you, Jack,  
Your mother still prays for you,  
In the home far away o'er the ocean,  
Your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother, far  
away in a foreign land,  
Some comrades said, "Come along, Jack,  
let's go, there's the Army band."  
It was a rough old barracks, where the  
meeting had just begun,  
But something stirred the wild Jack's  
heart as sweetly the soldiers sang.

His stony heart was broken as he  
thought of his mother dear,  
And in spite of his comrades' laughing,  
And in spite of keep back a tear,  
He could not escape the thought of those  
words in his ears still rang.  
So he started for heaven that evening,  
as sweetly the soldiers sang.

At last there came a letter, it was deeply  
edged in black,  
From a comrade long forgotten, who  
still remembered Jack,  
They have laid your poor old mother in  
the grave, so dark and cold,  
But she wanted the lad that's roaming  
to meet her on the streets of gold.

## 2nd Chorus.

Your mother's last prayer was for you,  
Jack, your mother's last prayer was for you,  
She wanted her lad that's roaming to meet  
her on the streets of gold.

## Solo.

Tune.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 65).

Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,  
And dwell within my soul,  
And grant me now my heart's desire,  
Oh, make me fully whole.

## Chorus.

Ah, come and lead me to the fount  
Of Jesus' precious Blood,  
That I may be filled with all  
The fullness of our God.

Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,  
My heart with love now fill;  
And help me as the days go by  
To do Thy blessed will.

My all upon Thy altar, Lord,  
I at this moment leave;  
And from this hour by Thy grace,  
I'll trust and follow Thee,  
Sergt. May Ling, Peterboro.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the  
 Salvation Army, published by John M.  
 C. Horn, 8 A. Printing House, 18  
 Albert St., Toronto.

## Holliness

Tune.—Come to Me (B.J. 102).

1 Lord, as before Thy throne I'm wait-  
ing.

Seal me now! (repeat)  
With contrite heart all sin forsaking,  
Seal me now!  
Now from my heart the burden roll,  
With holy Fire baptize my soul,  
Draw near and make me fully whole.  
Seal me now!

## Chorus.

Lord, I know that Thou art near me,  
I believe Thou wilt hear me;  
Oh, come now, and within me  
A new heart create!

From all my pride, my sloth, my doubt-  
ing.

Set me free!  
Let all my fears be turned to shouting,  
Set me free!  
Thy cross henceforth I gladly choose,  
For Thee my reputation lose,  
Now, Lord, my every talent use,  
Set me free!

According to Thy word now be it.

May all around me daily see it;  
I believe!

Thou dost all inbred sin remove,  
And fill my soul with perfect love;  
Oh, may I ever faithful prove,  
I believe!

A. E. Baker, Edmonton

## Was.

Tune.—Storm the forts of darkness

2 Soldiers of our God arise!  
The day is drawing nearer;  
Shake all slumber from your eyes,  
The light is growing clearer.  
Shalt no longer lie by  
While the heathen millions die;  
Lift the Blood-stained banner high,  
And take the field for Jesus.

## Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down, bring them down!  
Pull down Satan's kingdom,  
Where'er he holds dominion;  
Go, storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down!  
Glory, honor to the Lamb!  
Praise and power to the Lamb!  
Glory, honor, praise and power  
Be forever to the Lamb!

See the brazen hosts of hell,  
Art and power employing;  
More than human tongue can tell,  
Blood-bought souls destroying.  
Hark, from ruler's ghastly road  
Victims groan beneath their load;  
Forward! oh, ye sons of God,  
And dare or die for Jesus!

Warriors of the Bleeding Lamb,  
Army of Salvation,  
Spread the fame of Gilead's halm,  
Conquer every nation!  
Raise the glorious standard high;  
Strike for Victory, never tire;  
Onward march with Blood and Fire,  
And win the world for Jesus!

## Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2);  
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me (B.J. 13,  
2); You never can tell (B.J. 13, 3);  
This is why I love my Jesus (B.J.  
104, 1).

3 The Gospel ship along is sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;  
All who wish to sail to glory,  
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.

## Chorus.

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"  
All the sailors loudly cry;  
"See the blessed port of Glory  
Open to each faithful eye."

Thousands she has safely landed  
Far beyond this mortal shore;  
Thousands still are sailing in her,  
Yet there's room for thousands more.

Wait along this noble vessel,  
All ye gales of Gospel grace;  
Carry every faithful sailor  
To his heavenly landing-place.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
Sail with us through life's rough sea;  
Then, with us, you shall be happy,  
Happy through eternity.

## Wonderful Love.

Tune.—M.S. IX. 12.

4 Jesus came down my ransom to be,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
For out of the Father's heart He  
Came.  
To die for me on a cross of shame,  
To set me free He took the blame,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!

## Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,  
Coming to me from heaven above,  
Filling me, thrilling me through and  
through,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision, the Cross reveals  
Beautiful actions of love;  
And all that by grace e'en I may be  
When saved to serve Christ eternally;  
He came, He died for you and me,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love has a plea,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,  
But, Lord, now I come, before Thy call,  
I give myself, I give up all,  
All for Thy wonderful love.

## Salvation.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 174);  
Oh, how He loves (B.J. 95).

5 When you come to Jordan's flood,  
How will you do?  
You who now condemn your God,  
How will you do?  
Death will be a solemn day!  
When the soul is forced away,  
It will be too late to pray,  
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,  
How will you do?  
When in Jordan you appear,  
How will you do?  
Can you then your terrors brave,  
Say you have no soul to save,  
When you sink beneath the grave?  
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,  
How will you do?  
Can you brave the awful storm?  
How will you do?  
When the waves of death assail  
Every reed and prop will fall,  
Forma will be of no avail—  
How will you do?

You who have been turned aside—  
How will you do?  
Whither will you flee to hide?  
How will you do?  
Conscience will in terror rise,  
And the worm that never dies,  
When you sink no more to rise—  
How will you do?